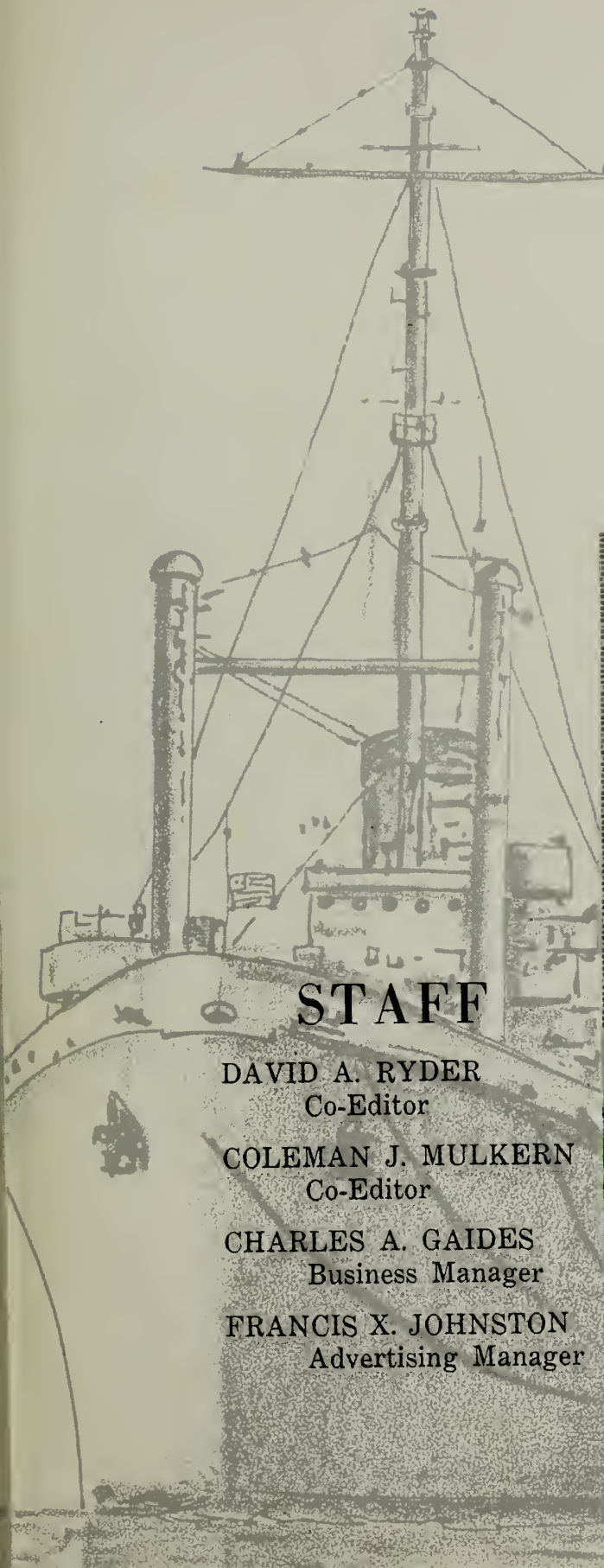
1959

MUSTER



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Co-Editor

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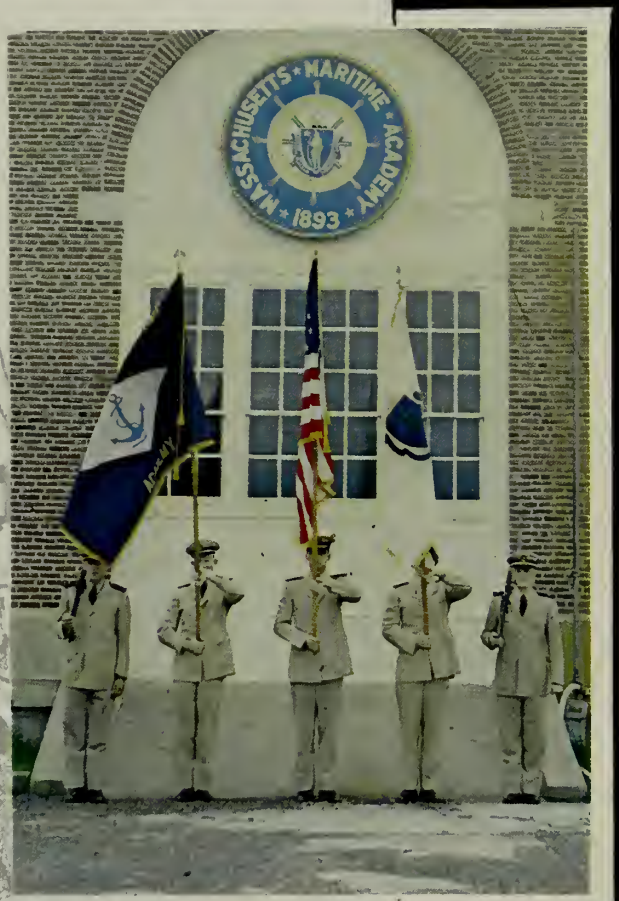


NINETEEN. HUNDRED. FIFTY-NINE

Muster

Published by the Students

of the

MASSACHUSETTS

MARITIME

ACADEMY

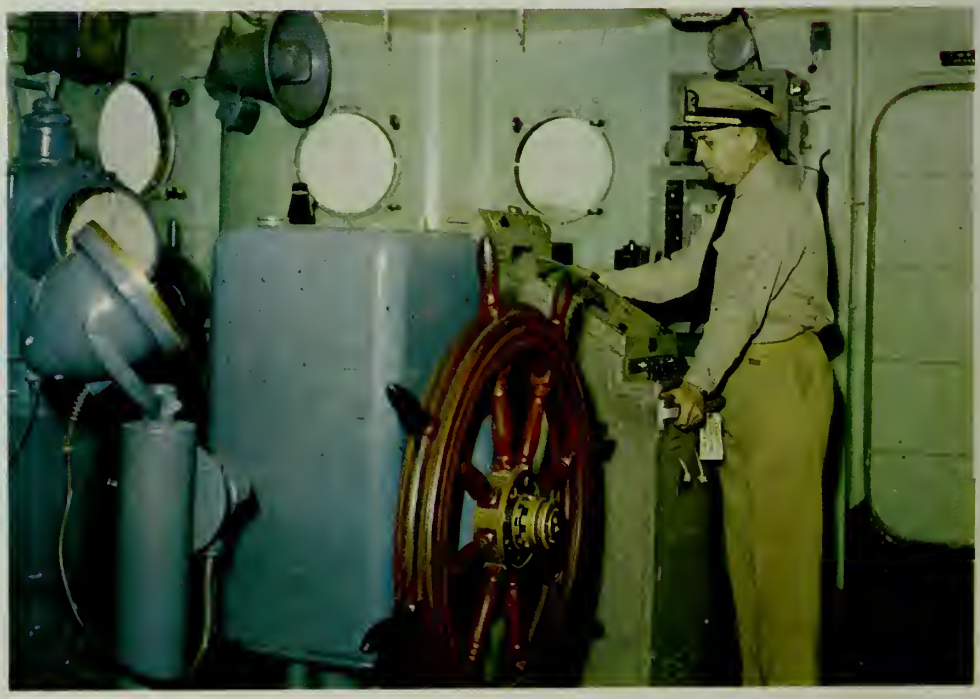
Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

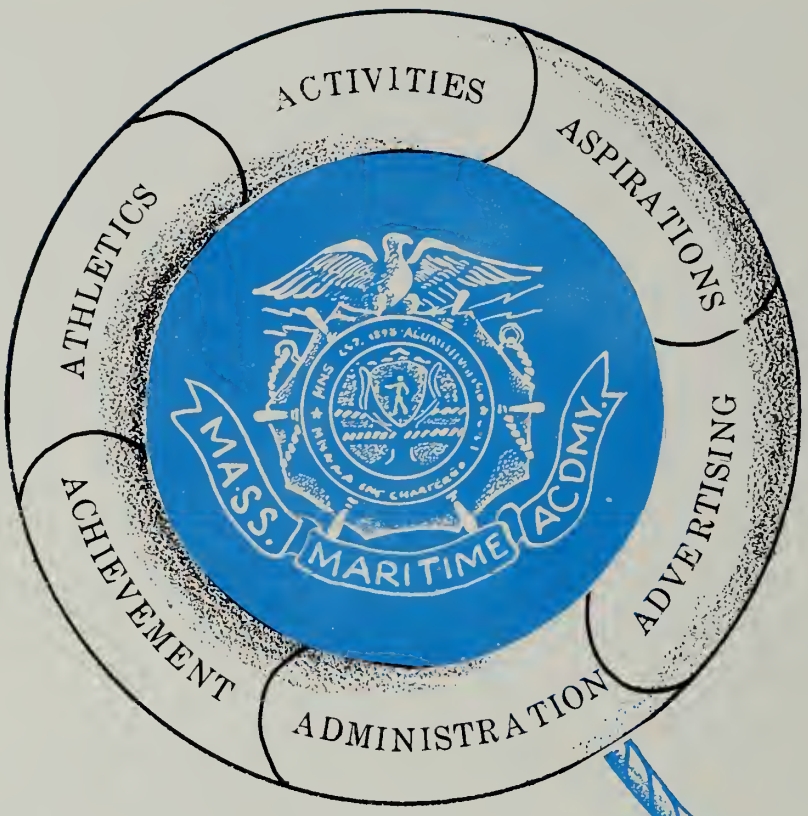
It is with great pride and respect, that we dedicate the 1959 MUSTER to the Commanding Officer of the U.S.T.S. Bay State, Captain Richard T. Rounds, in recognition of his long years of service to the Academy, both as Executive, and as Commanding Officer.

His unselfish contributions to the welfare of the Academy, and its students, his understanding, and his deep humility, will long be remembered by the Class of '59.

To Captain Rounds, our sincere appreciation.

Dedicated TO.. RICHARD T. ROUNDS





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building WITH A LOOK TOWARD THE FUTURE

PICKING UP THE PILOT
San Francisco

FOREWORD

WE THE CLASS OF 1959 TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN PRESENTING THE NINETEEN FIFTY-NINE EDITION OF THE MUSTER. THE FOLLOWING PAGES REPRESENT A HISTORY OF OUR THREE YEARS AT THIS NOBLE INSTITUTION. THEY ARE DEPICTIONS OF OUR JOYS AND OUR SORROWS, THE GOOD TIMES AND THE BAD, AND IN OTHER WORDS, THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN AT THE MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY. SINCE NONE OF US WILL EVER FORGET THE COLLEGE ON THE CANAL, THIS VOLUME WILL SERVE AS A PICTORIAL REMINDER OF THE "BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES."

BRACE IT, MISTER

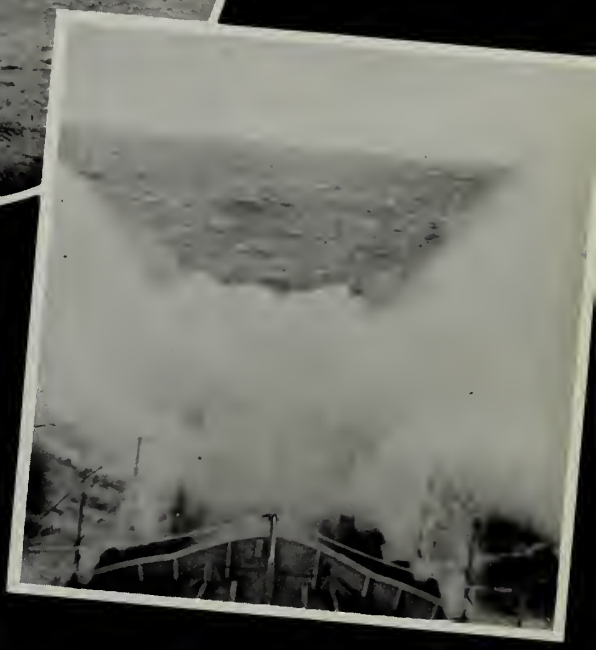
EXERCISE, THIS EARLY?

WHO ARE YOU KIDDING?

AN HONORED GUEST

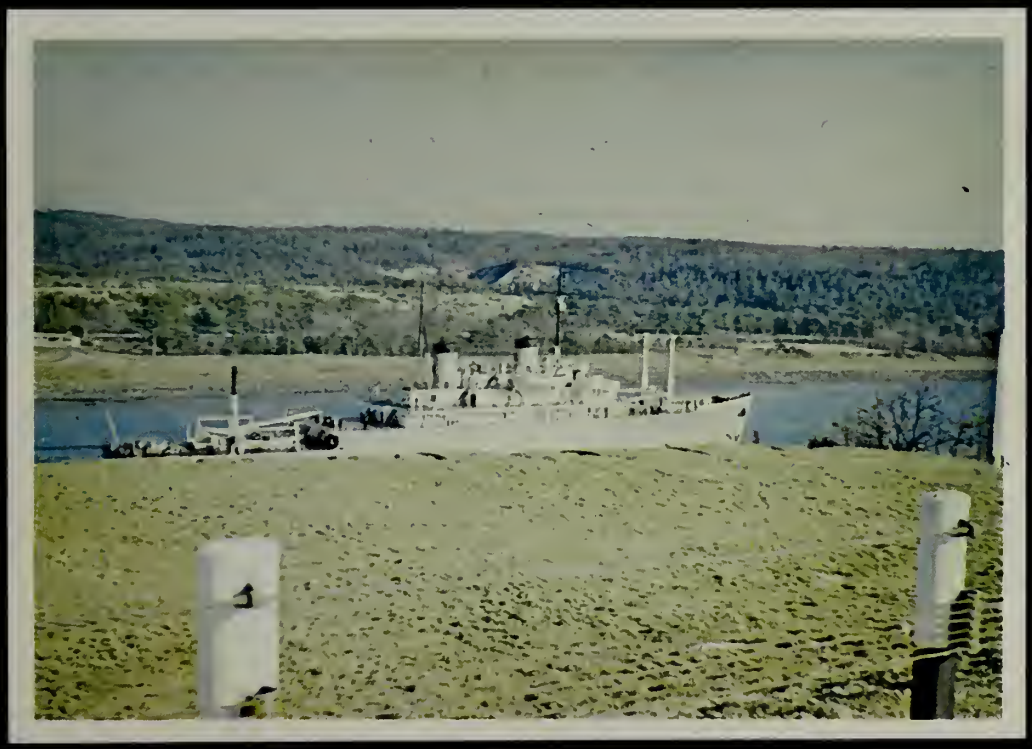
LEST WE FORGET

BAY STATE MARU



SALT, MAN!

WE SAIL TOO!



Admiral Arleigh Burke
Chief of Naval Operations

CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

FOREWORD
FOR
THE MUSTER

From the time of Prince Henry's School of Navigation almost 500 years ago, there has been a recognized need for training of the men who go down to the sea in ships. Never in this long history has there been a greater need for such training than today and for the years ahead.

You who are graduating from the Massachusetts Maritime Academy are entering one of the world s most demanding professions at an exciting period in its history. As populations continue to grow, as world resources continue to develop, maritime commerce likewise continues to increase. The free world is more dependent upon the sea than ever before, and the oceans are becoming more important.

You are on the threshold of a new age in seapower, an age in which new vistas are opening up in the nautical sciences, in naval architecture, in marine engineering, and maritime operations. Those of you who are graduating will soon find that your education is far from ended. Your future success will depend upon your ability to build solidly on the professional training you have received at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

It takes strong men to go to sea, men with stout hearts, men who are young in spirit, hearty, and courageous. The life of a sailor has always been a life of challenge, of opportunity, of individual responsibility and of adventure. For this reason, it takes a special kind of leadership to be effective at sea. It takes stamina. It takes imagination and initiative. Above all, it takes knowledge.

Your horizons are unlimited. Your future holds a challenge no other profession offers. May you seize your opportunities, work hard in the tradition of sailors, and in all your voyages may you sail the seven seas of the world proudly under the flag of the United States upholding always the honor and integrity of your country.

Arleigh Burke

ARLEIGH BURKE

In Memoriam

ADMIRAL JULIAN D. WILSON
U.S.N.

Superintendent
1949-1958

...MAY HIS SPIRIT EVER GUIDE US...

In the Fall of 1958, a great man and wonderful friend passed from this earth. He was Admiral Julian D. Wilson U.S.N. (Ret.), Superintendent of Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

His door was always open to any Midshipman who needed his counsel, and his contributions to the Academy will live forever in the hearts of those who had the privilege of serving under him.

IF ANY ONE BODY OF MEN ARE CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF OUR THREE YEAR VOYAGE AT THE MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY, IT WOULD HAVE TO BE THE INSTRUCTORS. THEREFORE, WE, THE CLASS OF 1959 OFFER OUR THANKS IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF THE WORK THEY HAVE DONE.

ADMINISTRATION

ADMINISTRATION

CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMPSON
Superintendent

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Department of Education JWT/RGC
Massachusetts Maritime Academy
Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

TO THE CLASS OF 1959 - MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

At this time it is my honored pleasure to extend to you, the Graduating Class of 1959, my sincere congratulations and good wishes, as you depart to embark upon your careers in the ships of our nation.

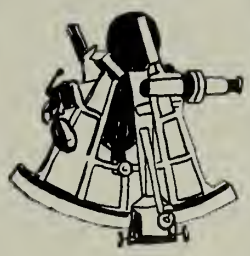
Your Faculty has imparted to you the best of their knowledge and advise and consider you now able to take your places in the field beside those who have gone before.

You will meet these graduates in every port and on the seven seas. They will look for, in you, the same qualities which have brought them to the high places in their profession. I am sure that you will carry on the traditions of the Academy and fulfill the expectations of those whom you serve. Be sure you are right. Be courageous. Be sound in your judgment, considerate and just to those whom you will lead.

May you all achieve your ambitions and be blessed with success health and happiness in all your undertakings.

JOHN W. THOMPSON,
CAPTAIN, U.S.M.S.,
ACTING SUPERINTENDENT.

COMMANDER
JAMES M. MURRAY
Chief Engineer



COMMANDER RICHARD T. ROUNDS
U.S.N.R.
Navigation

NAVIGATION AND SEAMANSHIP

Captain Louis A. Woodland
U.S.N.R.
Communications

Commander William J. Connors
U.S.N.R.
Seamanship

Lt. Commander Paul G. Hirst
U.S.M.S.
Marine Law

Lt. Commander Lucien T. Page
U.S.M.S.
Maintenance Officer

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

Cdr. Admont G. Clarke
USCGR
English

Lcdr. Lee F. Harrington
USNR
Mathematics

Lt. John Zyerveld
USMS
Physics

Lt. Thomas F. Dorsey
USMS
Economics

Lt. James F. Boyle
MD
Ships Surgeon

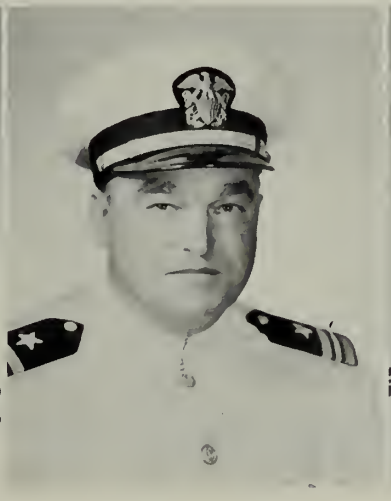
Lt. Charles L. Jaillet
MMA
Spanish

Lcdr. Alvin Anteen
MMA
Supply Officer

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Lt. F.H.G. Wright
USNR

Cdr. W. H. Hemmerly
USNR

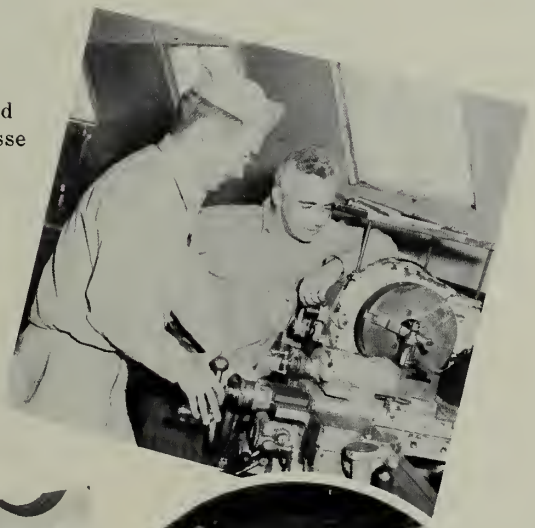


Lcdr. J. D. Crosby
USNR

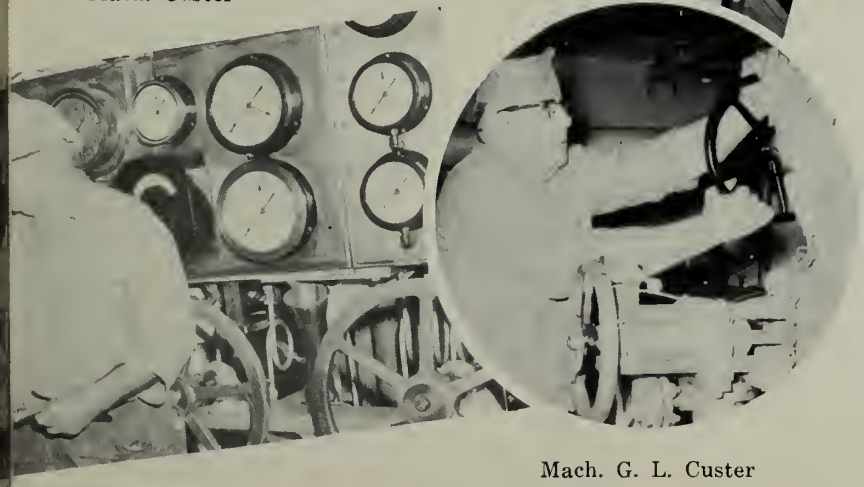
Lt. M. Tonello
USMS

Cdr. H. C. Pratt
USNR

Lt. MacLeod
Mach. Lacasse



Lt. Wright
Mach. Custer



Mach. G. L. Custer

Lt. A. E. MacLeod
USMS

Lcdr. Gallagher
U.S.N.

Lcdr. Schofield
U.S.N.

Ltjg. Jackson
U.S.N.R.

NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Chief McKercher
U.S.N.

Ltjg. Hutchinson
FC1 Pilgrim
Ltjg. Reitz
U.S.N.R.

GM1 Walsh
U.S.N.

Cyn. Pearce
Ltjg. Jackson
Cft. McKercher

Ltjg. Hutchinson
U.S.N.

Cyn. Pearce
U.S.N.

W. L. LaCasse Sr.
M.A.A.

B. W. Selfe
Carpenter

E. H. Stewart
Seaman

L. O. Upton
Seaman

C P O

W. A. Kent
Storekeeper

A. N. Tribou, Bos'un
R. D. Ripley, Seaman
C. L. Raymond, Seaman

A. P. Tassinari
Pharmacist

R. G. Coughlin
Principle Clerk

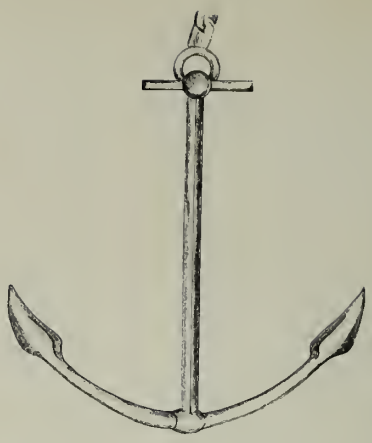
Wentworth, Alden
Messmen

H. F. Zarate
W. D. Basler, Cooks

C. E. Maynard
Electrician

NOW THE FINALS ARE ALL OVER,
AND THE MATE'S HAVE ALL BEEN
PASSED.
THE FUTURE'S FIELDS OF CLOVER
WITH THE SILVER WE'VE AMASSED.
NO TIME FOR LOOKING BACK IS
THIS.
THERE'S NO REASON, NOR NO RHYME.
YET, HOW CAN WE FORGET THE BLISS,
WAS OURS, THE CLASS OF '59.

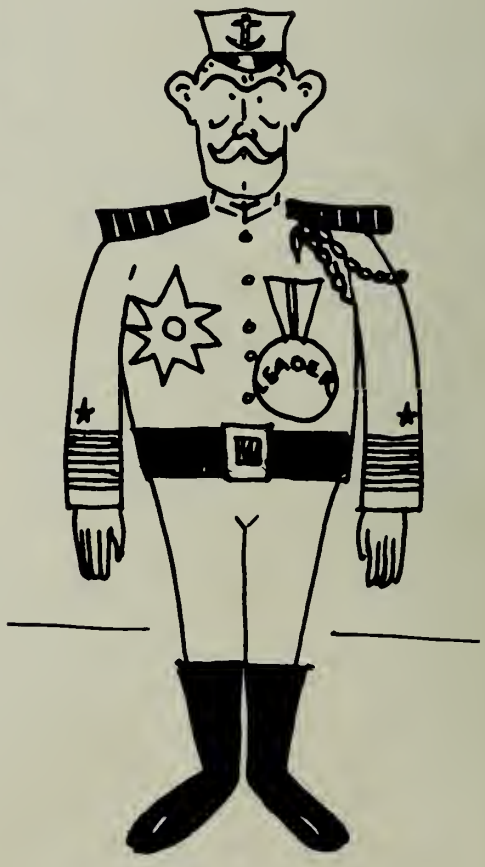
CLASS OF '59



Battallion Cmdr.
Class President
Ring Dance Committee
Rowing Team
Sinister Six

JOHN J. DUNPHY
Jack

163 Fellsway East
Medford, Mass.



Hailing from Medford the "Dunpha-rat" was the lucky one to haul down the "Big Four," in this our last year of late sacks. He performed his function of Captain so well that even Commissioner Sullivan commented on it.

"The Helmsman" led us through three years of every sort of situation imaginable, and through thick and thin his cheerful disposition was the biggest asset our class had.

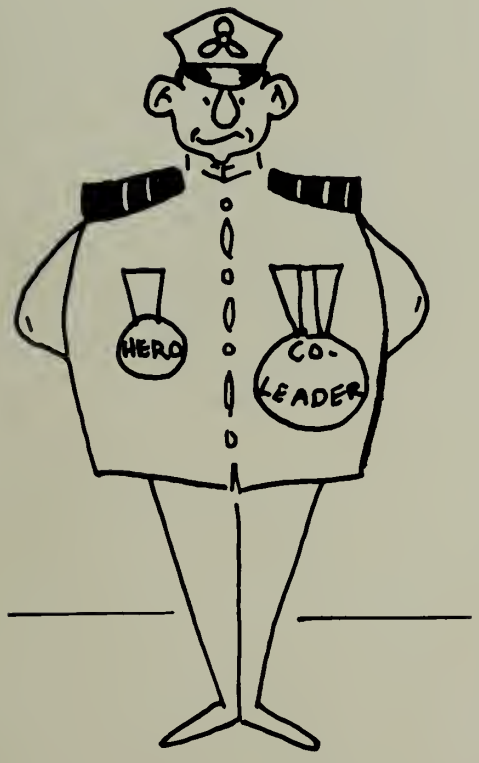
A great guy with the ladies, Jack won't have too much freedom after graduation as he will have to keep beating them away from the door.

A cheerful disposition, and a will to win will take Jack on the path of success be it the Merchant Service or the Navy.

Batt. Adjutant
Muster Staff
Q Club
Section Leader

REXFORD R. ARNETT JR.
Rex

Eastford, Conn.

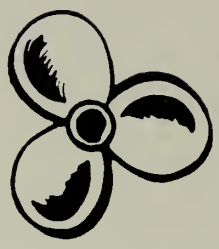


Out of the bogs on that fateful summer day came our leader, Rex—alias "Oil King"—to make his mark on M.M.A. After spending his first year diligently trying to keep the Group A boys in line, he fell out of the lime light until the second job cruise when he became Mr. W's assistant. Except for a few scrapes—ahem—Texas, Rex kept pretty much out of trouble.

Not one to rest on his laurels, Rex in his first job year pulled down the "Big Three", and pulled many deals for the snipes by continuously beating a path to Big Jim's door.

We know that with his drive and determination Rex will go far, and that it will be impossible for him to be anything less than a success.

BOILER DIVISION



Baseball
Cadet Lt. Watch 1
Horizontal Club
Intramural Sports

RICHARD W. HAUTANEN
Hauty

Camp Opeeche Rd.
Centerville, Mass. Cape Cod

Straight from the Bogs, and fresh from old B.H.S. came our original, blond, stalwart, Finn . . . Dick Hautanen. As a youngie he was truly shy, but came out of hiding during his second job year, and became one of the top boys in the "B" division which gave him two stripes in his last year.

Dick was always a good student, but turn his back on a party . . . never.

"What do you mean working my men overtime? I don't know what you're talking about.

Back on the Bogs, Dick is really at home. During the hunting season he's always on the go.

A good worker, a quiet talker, and well liked by his class, he is sure to go far in the years to come. Good luck, Dick.

Baseball

Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept.

20-20 Club

Horizontal Club

CHARLES M. JOYCE
Charlie

31 Alicia Road
Dorchester, Mass.

As we remember, Charlie made a quiet entrance into our hallowed halls, and fell right in with the Dorchester crowd.

He joined us with a mind full of ideals and a chest full of hope for the future. As time passed, his hopes for the future faded, but he kept his ideals and stuck it out.

He was a responsible lad, and spent most of his time on the upper job cruise "keeping the ship clean."

Now as the time comes to depart, we look back and remember Charlie's carefree attitude, and what a great friend he has been these past three years. His willingness to help, and his eager personality should put him in good stead wherever he goes.

Basketball
Track
Golf
Music Appreciation Club
Night Riders
Never Sweat A.C.
Ring Committee

JOHN A. MORIARTY
Mora

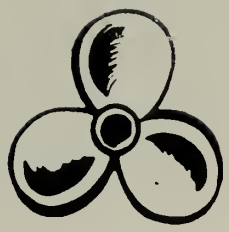
79 Leonard St.
North Attleboro, Mass.

Mora, North Attleboro's gift to women swooped down on M.M.A. like a gull. These gull like attributes were a constant source of agony to Jack, who heard about them endlessly via the Watch One Terrors.

His capacity for the finer things in life is unlimited. Jack, being a traveler from way back, and having often been compared with Trujillo has set female hearts aflutter from Martha's Vineyard, North.

Never one to miss a party or a social event, Jack has made his stay here something for us all to remember.

Even with his many social obligations, Jack has managed to stay one of the top men in his class. With this added to his other accomplishments, Jack is the kind of guy who has to go far.



Honor Guard

Golf Team

Co-Editor, Muster

Intramural Softball Team

Intramural Non-Contact Football Squad

Shamrock A.C.

COLEMAN J. MULKERN
Coley

78 Crescent Ave.
Dorchester, Mass.

"IRISH"

Coley had no intention of joining our clan, but unfortunately his cookbook on how to prepare potatoes 86 different ways didn't sell, so he took up the life of the seafarer.

Coleman was never one to standby and let the others do all the work. He was always on hand to do his part. His organization of **Everything** in the ship, in its own locker was a great help to all the Middies. He had a place for everything and nothing was "foolish" enough not to be in its own locker. The Mulkern Memorial Swimming Pool in G.S.K., although frowned upon by the officers was thought to be a good idea by all, except the workers of the Mulkern Construction Company.

These accomplishments helped IRISH to become second in command in Watch One. Coley's drive and determination will carry him through life in grand style.

Propeller Club
Spanish Club
Intramural Sports
Horizontal Club

LEE J. PIKE
Lee

44 Stetson St.
Bridgewater, Mass.

"Lee Boy" is one of the original Watch One gang.

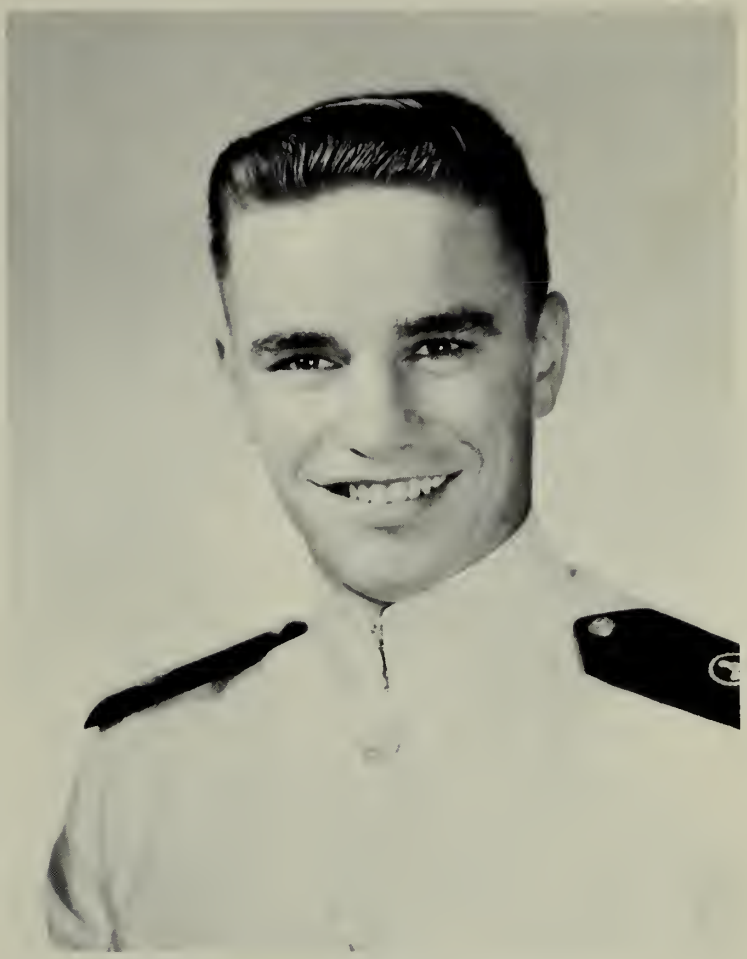
It was a dark day for Lee when he first put his feet on the decks of the old Chun, but as time passed the days got brighter all the time.

As a second job, Lee was easy to spot because he always seemed to have that compound bucket with him. Lee's ability with boilers got him a stripe on the cruise.

While on his last cruise Lee got really interested in the Marines. It was long after his interest had risen that he could be heard whistling "Dixie."

Be it the Marines or in the Navy, Lee is sure to go far because he is the best. Good Luck.

Baseball
Golf
Never Sweat A.C.
Intramural Sports
Cadet Ensign



CHARLES J. SWEET JR.
Chas.

85 River Road
West Andover, Mass.

"All for one, and one for all, that's my motto," said Charlie as he crossed the gangway. His choice phrases were always met with a chuckle from his classmates.

Charlie was a conscientious youngie, and spent a lot of his time in the locker room "cleaning up." (Especially after those Friday afternoon formations).

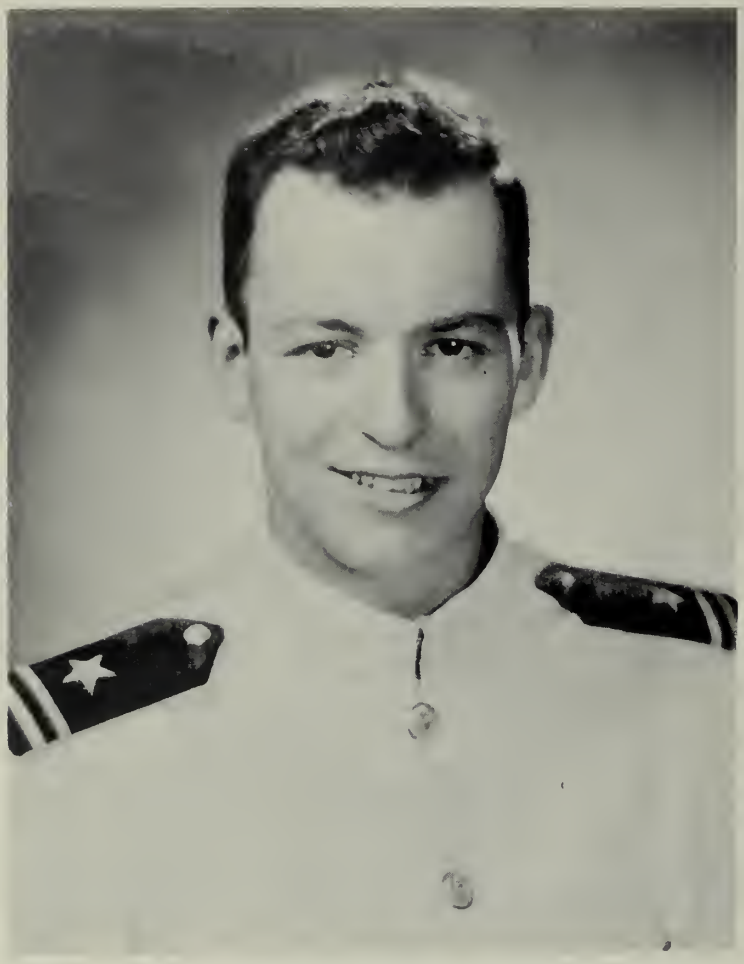
Chas. will always be remembered for his unfailing knowledge of golf and baseball, both of which he played well while at the Portsmouth of Cape Cod.

Charlie was a very quiet cadet, and except for the wrist watch incident very seldom complained to his classmates.

His quick mind and witty sayings will insure him many friends whether it be the Merchies or the Navy.

AFRICAN CRESCENT

FIRST DECK DIVISION



Band
Co-Editor Muster
Cadet Lt.
Night Riders
Pres. Baldy's Boys

DAVID A. RYDER
Red

223 North St.
Salem, Mass.

Dave is M.M.A.'s chief satirist, and first and third divisions finest. A certain knuckle dragging individual was sorry to give him up, but two stripes and the foc'sle came first.

Never to believe a word said by the bland Irisher unless it concerned the Muster appeared the best course for we all agree that Dave is the '59 Muster.

Red showed that he had musical ability also, by playing a sweet sax in the M.M.A. Band. His first love however was to debate with a well known seamanship instructor, and we were aghast at the chances he took.

All of us wish him the very best, for M.M.A.'s loss is Salem's gain.

Tennis
Rowing Team
Horizontal Club
Gorge Member

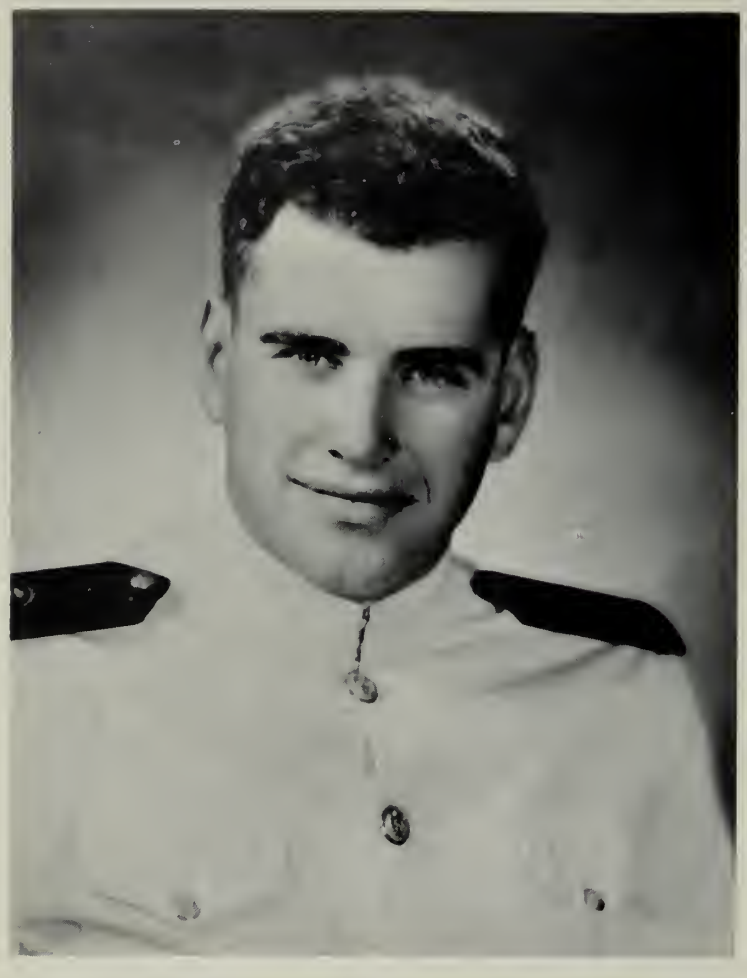
MAURICE J. BRESNAHAN JR.
Sanchez

169 Hillside St.
Roxbury, Mass.

"Bres" came to M.M.A. after a year at B.U., and for three years his commentary on life at the Academy kept us in stitches. Perched at the head of the Gorge, he was the self-appointed guardian of all Gorge members, and chief harasser of Joe Sap. Tops in the caustic comment department, no one was safe when old Sanchez was on the scene, and yet he was, by far, one of the most popular Midshipmen in our Class.

As the cruise one striper of First Division, Bres showed that he was an exceptional seaman, and an excellent division officer.

Maurice's sense of humor, and his downright good sense, should bring him to the top in whatever field he chooses.



Football
Rowing Team
Intramural Sports
Public Speaking

WILLIAM P. CHAISSON
Goat

110 Talbot Road
Springfield, Mass.

"Pardon me, Sir. But why are you butting your head against my locker door?"

"Justa get ouda me way, and youse'll see why."

So spake the "Goat" from Springfield as he prepared to show that his head was just as hard as anyone else's.

The class orator, Bill dropped oratory to prove that he could do equally as well in Communications. The instructor however laid down the LAW, and Bill began to see the light.

Goat made the trip to Springfield every week-end for Mary's sake, and as we could've guessed the inevitable happened.

Bill's vibrant personality, good looks, and hardness of head will assure him a place in the Merchant Marine.

Chess Team
Football 1, 2
Horizontal Club
Rowing Team
Propeller Club

CHESTER L. DAUKSEVICH
Chet

Circuit St.
Hanover, Mass.

Chet came to M.M.A. after a seige with the U. S. Air Force. Older than the rest of us, he became known as the "Old Man", and it was to him that we looked for advice. Marmaduke's wit and humor provided many happy times for us, and his tales on Air Force life brought roars of laughter from the Corp of Midshipmen.

As post-cruise Cadet Ensign of first division, Chet looked forward with pleasure to a life of ease, but a certain two striper had another idea, and Chet had to carry the brunt of the burden. He was uncomplaining as usual, and won the respect of us all.

We know that you'll do well in anything you undertake—Chet.

Horizontal Club
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club
20-20 Club

JOSEPH T. FLANAGAN
Joe

5 Dean Road
Milton, Mass.

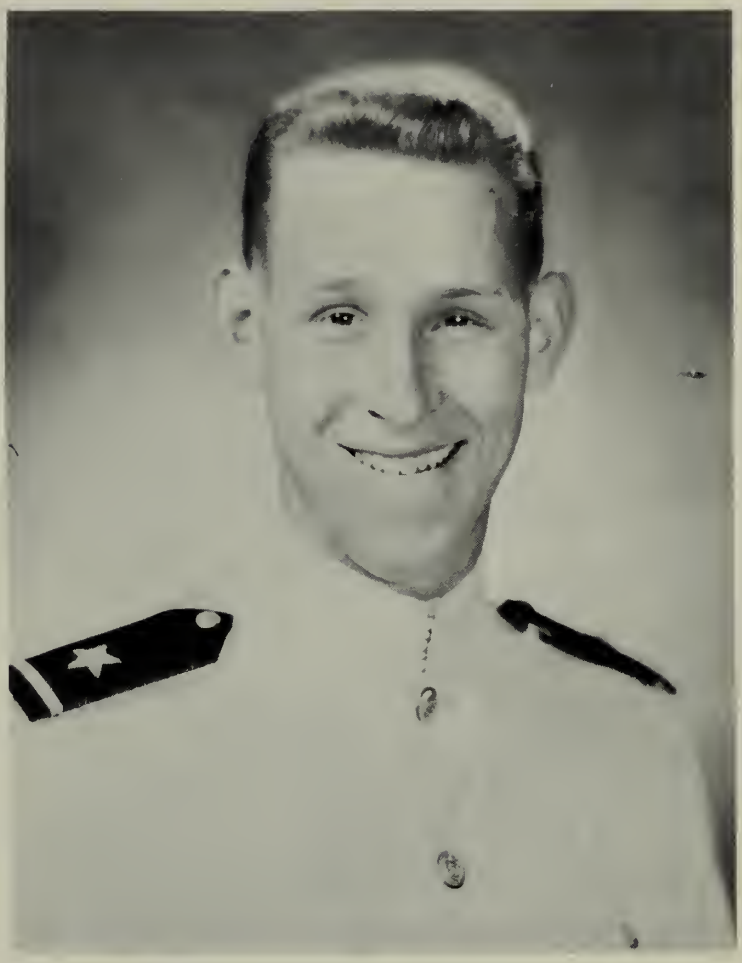
"See here son, the Boy Scouts are down the street. This is the Mass. Maritime Academy."

On this auspicious note Joe "Goon" entered the College of Nautical Knowledge. Tall, and lanky, Joe couldn't quite keep out of the way of all the upper jobs, and so spent a rough youngie year. This did not deter him however and by the time he became of age, he was wearing the one gold stripe of a cadet ensign.

Noted for his neatness, Joe was a joy to live with, and we all appreciated his constant habit of telling us to pick up after ourselves.

A whiz in the art of Seamanship, and a heck of a nice guy, Joe should have no trouble getting ahead. Good luck, Joe.

MUSTER BUSINESS MGR.
Rowing Team
Band
Propeller Club
Ring Dance Committee



CHARLES A. GAIDES
Gator

82 Birch St.
Roslindale, Mass.

Into every class a little "salt" must fall, and the "Gator" was our little bit of salt. Hailing from the Township of Roslindale, Charlie set out to prove that a taught ship could be run from a bunk, and he succeeded in proving this.

Charlie knew everything about anything, and he was always ready to share what he knew. His job of providing funds for the Muster was a tough one, but the Gator came through in fine style.

Never one to stick his chin out, Charlie is planning a career in the Merchies, and with what he has to offer them, he's bound to succeed.

Football 1, 2, 3
Track
Rowing Team
Intramural Softball
Propeller Club

ROBERT E. LEE
Charlie Brown
42 Marlboro St.
Everett, Mass.

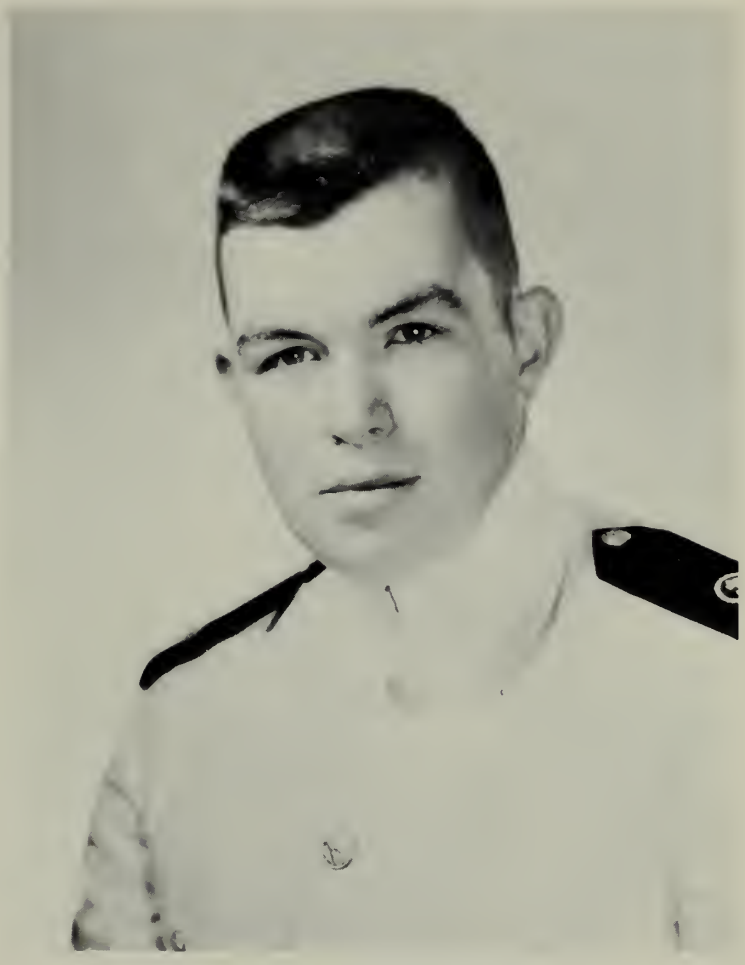
Bob Lee, the only man at M.M.A. with a very definite split personality. Quite early in his term down here Bob was re-christened Charlie Brown, a somewhat dubious honor. Many a ribbing he took at the expense of this cartoon character.

A stalwart in Hop Harrington's line, Charlie, er . . . I mean Bob could never bring himself to become really fighting mad, but his ability as a tackle more than made up for it.

Full of good humor, Bob was always ready to have some fun, and he usually got it—much more than he asked for.

A guy we are proud to have as a classmate, Bob is sure to meet with success in the Merchant Marine.

Propeller Club
Q Club
Intramural Softball
Turf Club



EDWARD T. SHAY
Ed

Jefferson Rd.
Grey Gables,
Buzzards Bay, Mass.

"I'm the new boy."

And sure enough he was, for Ed, last to join our class that fateful September was not soon allowed to forget it. Ed became a man of the world at M.M.A., and was always first to pass out the cigars.

When the mysteries of navigation and ship's code proved too deep at times, Ed only horse laughed, and galloped onward. Class dealer, Ed often astounded us with his hair-raising tales of high adventure on how to make the most out of a twelve hour liberty.

To a heart of gold 'neath a thin shell, we wish you all the best.

Football
Basketball (Capt.)
Baseball
Muster Staff
Gorge Member

ANDREW M. WHELAHAN
Bundy

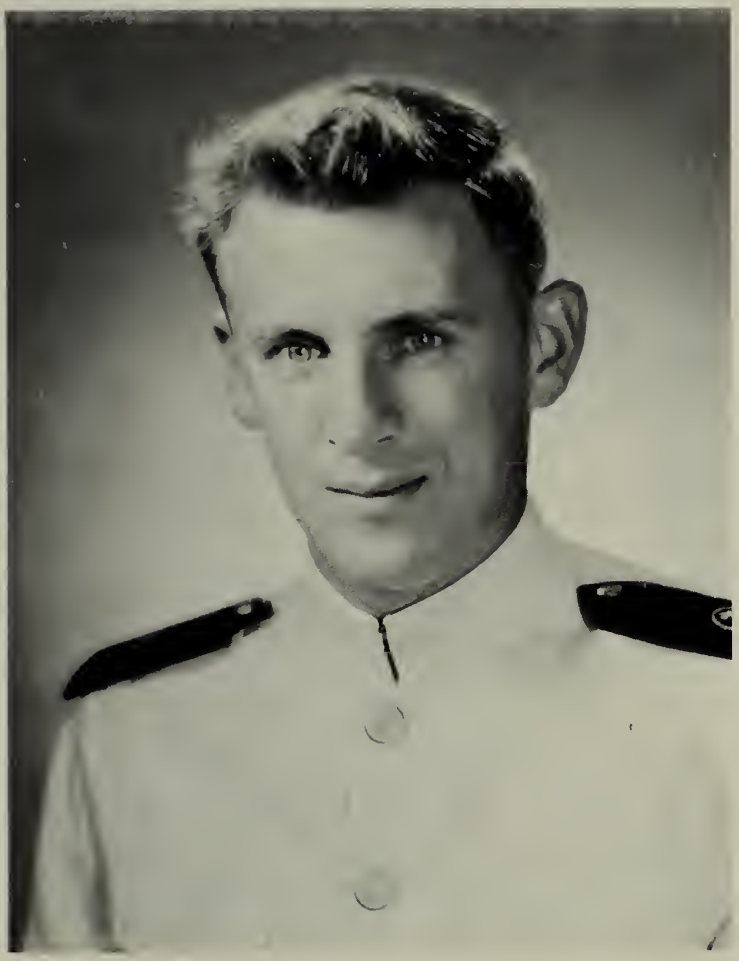
49 Englewood Ave.
Brookline, Mass.

The walking ant-eater from Brookline will always be remembered for his post game wrap ups. It seems the game would always end just as he got hot.

His second class year won him a girl from "deep in the heart of Texas," and he has been speaking with a drawl ever since, Arnie is noted for his sense of humor, and is always kidding someone. His king sized scoonzola really gives him character, or at least his many women friends think so.

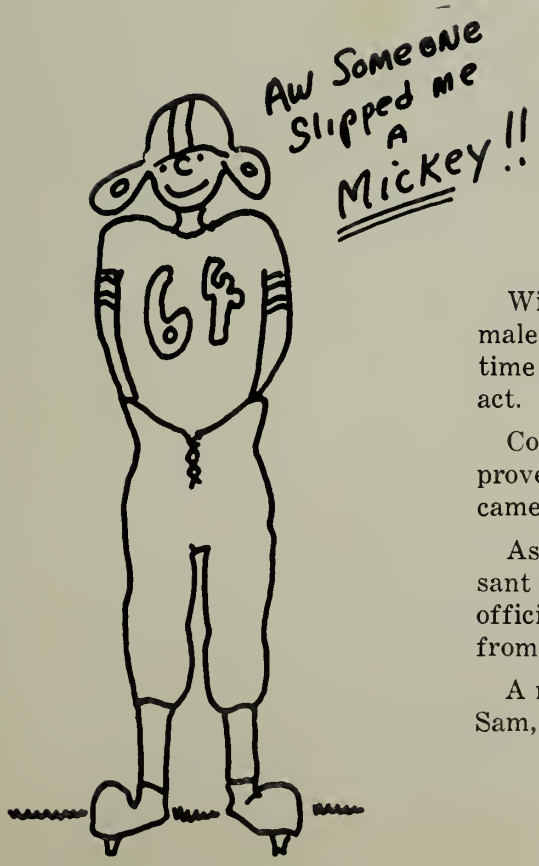
Pensacola is Whelabloops ambition, and with that nose he's bound to get there. Whatever you do Bundy, good luck to a swell friend.

Co-Capt. Football
Track
Rowing Team
Intramural Sports
Band Master
Night Riders
Baldy's Boys



ALBERT B. WILSON
Willie

Main Street
Boylston, Mass.



Willie found time to drag himself away from the female population of Boylston long enough to spend some time at sea. According to him, this was not a voluntary act.

Convincing an irate athletic instructor of his worth proved a tedious job, but such was not the case when it came to a certain group of cheerleaders.

As Band Master, his seranading of a pleasant pheasant left little to be desired. Al's nightly runs in that official Navy car will always be remembered by the boys from the Dainty Maid.

A man of many virtues, Bert should do fine be it Uncle Sam, or the Baltimore Colts. Best of luck, Albert.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

MACHINERY DIVISION

Cadet Lt. Watch 2
Orchestra
Horizontal Club
Corner Boys

GORDON R. TROUNGO
Dick

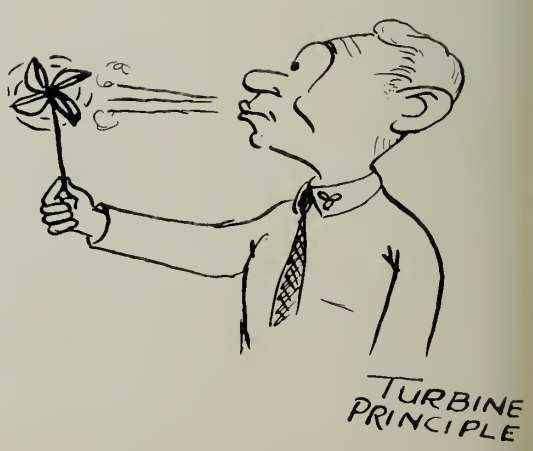
490 Blue Hill Ave.
Milton, Mass.

Sometimes a quiet personality pays off. Dick was hardly ever seen during his first and second year. The first year he spent studying so that he might become an engineer, and the second year he helped Bing square away the Evaps.

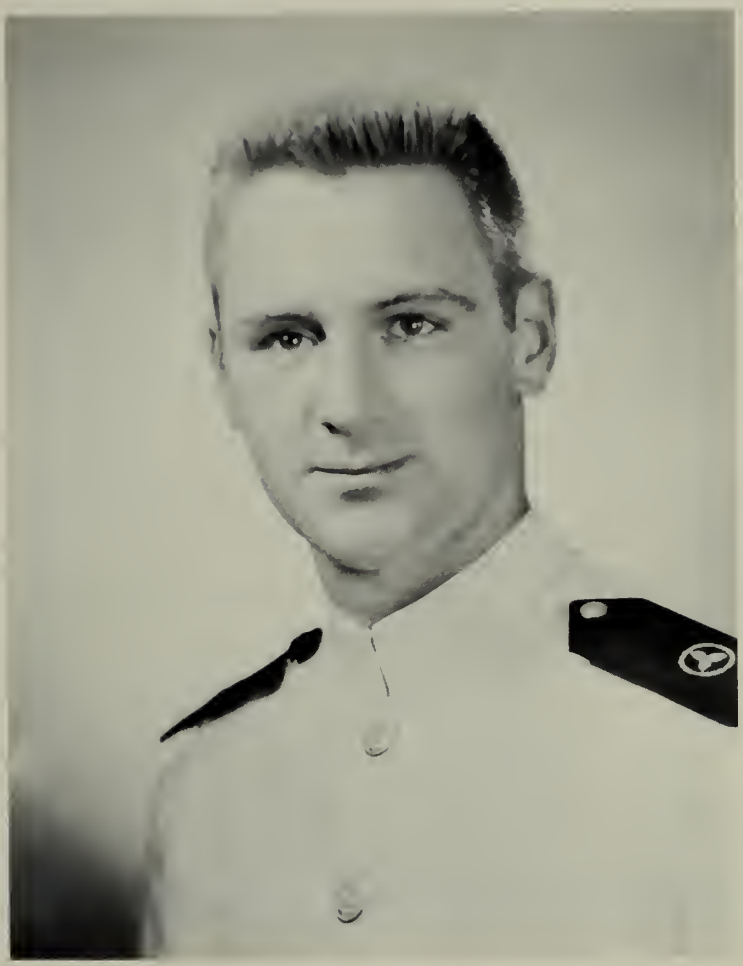
Dick did so well that he was made Chief Administrator of Watch 2. He showed us that a division could be run efficiently either from behind a desk, or under a blanket.

Everyone has to agree that the after engine room took on a brighter appearance, once Tog got his paint and some assistants from the third class.

Dick will live in our memories as a man who has an amazing ability for staying out of trouble, and getting the job done. With a combination like this, success is sure to follow.



Football 1, 2, 3
Baseball 1
B. B.'s Lineup
Intramural Softball
Squad



BARRY M. ATWOOD
Barry

23 Burr Parkway
Wareham, Mass.

It strikes our memory that Barry was the helpful type when he first passed over our ivy-colored gangway. In fact, for the first few months he spent 24 hours a day just helping people. Another of Barry's notable attributes was his modesty. If you didn't know that he was great, all you had to do to find out was to ask him.

Finally it came time to put on the coveted propellers, but Barry was told that he had to learn to tie knots. However, where there's a will there's a way, and Barry's will won out. He escaped the clutches of the Deckies, and became a glorious Snipe, much to the "Basher's" distaste. Poor Chester, he had more than one tough watch.

Barry isn't afraid to go for anything, and even if he does stick his chin out too far sometimes, his will to win will carry him through.

Swimming Team
Watch 3 Old Guard
Hot Rod A. C.

RICHARD J. CASEY
Rich

46 Norlen Park
Bridgewater, Mass.

Stuffed behind the wheel of his "Lead Barge", P. Casey roared into the parking lot of M.M.A. one day to make his mark.

Casey, jokingly known as "Skipper", came to M.M.A. to be a Snipe, but as he was almost as wide as he was high, we had our doubts about his maneuverability in the engine spaces. However, after a few weeks of "young man this, and young man that" he began to lose some of his insulation. At the end of the year, Beauregard proved worthy of wearing propellers.

One of the old Watch 3, Case remained one of the quieter members of the class—except for New Orleans.

With his easy going manner Rich has made many lasting friendships here, and we are certain that he will continue to do so in the future.

Muster Staff
Ring Committee
Glee Club
Horizontal Club

WILLIAM A. COLOMB
Nashua

5 Cambridge St.
Attleboro, Mass.

From out of Attleboro came the thunderous approach of Bill C, just three short years ago to the greener pastures of the academy. Whinney arrived, he was warmly greeted by a certain upper classman who was to make sure Bill was properly in-stalled and taken into the foal'd.

Nashua was one of the coziest youngies on our first cruise; he was hardly seen at all. Bill is always searching for that quilted "Bump Stick "which we all know that he will someday find. Being the honorary owner of the Lowenbrau Co. was just one of his many accomplishments.

Bill has done more than his share in lifting the spirits of his classmates, and we are sure that he will zip to the top of the ladder to success.

Glee Club (Pianist)
20-20 Club (Pres.)
Corner Boys
Night Rider

DAVID W. ELLIS
Herbie

2 Oliver St.
Watertown, Mass.

"What's the matter young man? Can't you see me? look down here." The Watertown Terror has struck again.

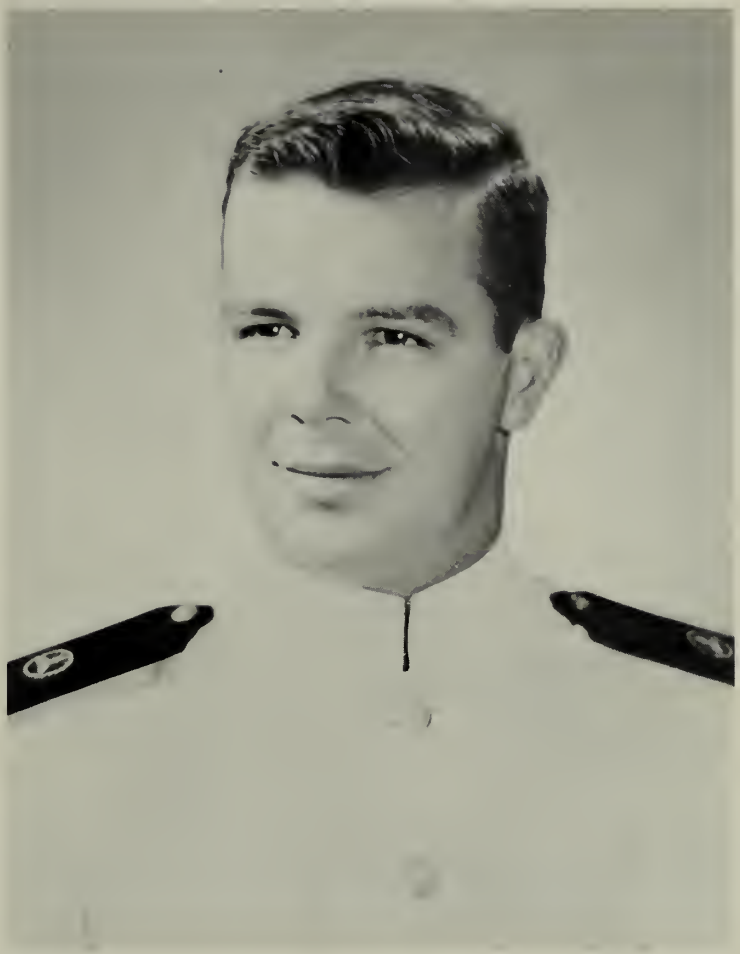
Even though Dave was the "best" engineer, he wasn't very salty, and had to be put in charge of a barrel on his first two cruises.

For interest he showed, Herbie pulled down one stripe in Mario's Manangerie. Dave has many interests, one of which was trying to for a B.S. from Braintree Tech. As fate would have it though, he bilged out.

Although the "cute little fellow" isn't very big, he has a beaudacious personality and a lot of drive which will put him on top of any class that he may get into.

Here's hoping that it doesn't take very long to get a plant of your own.

Co-Capt. Football
Track
Golf
Glee Club
Supper Club



JOHN M. MACAULEY
Gump

40 Grove St.
Boston, Mass.

Beacon Hill's gift to M.M.A., came into the fold with a blaze of glory. His past knowledge of seamanship won him favor with the deck officers, and his six o'clock personality put him in solid with Sid . . . There is a rumor about that once when John gave some blood it was typed R.R. negative, but we don't know for sure.

Mac's ability on the gridiron made him a co-captain in his first class year, and he did a fine job of that— especially the day we beat Maine.

It is difficult to foresee just what the future holds for any one guy, but we think that Mac will come out on top.

Golf Team
Intramural Softball
Intramural Football
Horizontal Club
Supper Club
Vice President

AUSTIN W. REHFIELD
Austie

22 North Ave.
Roxbury, Mass.

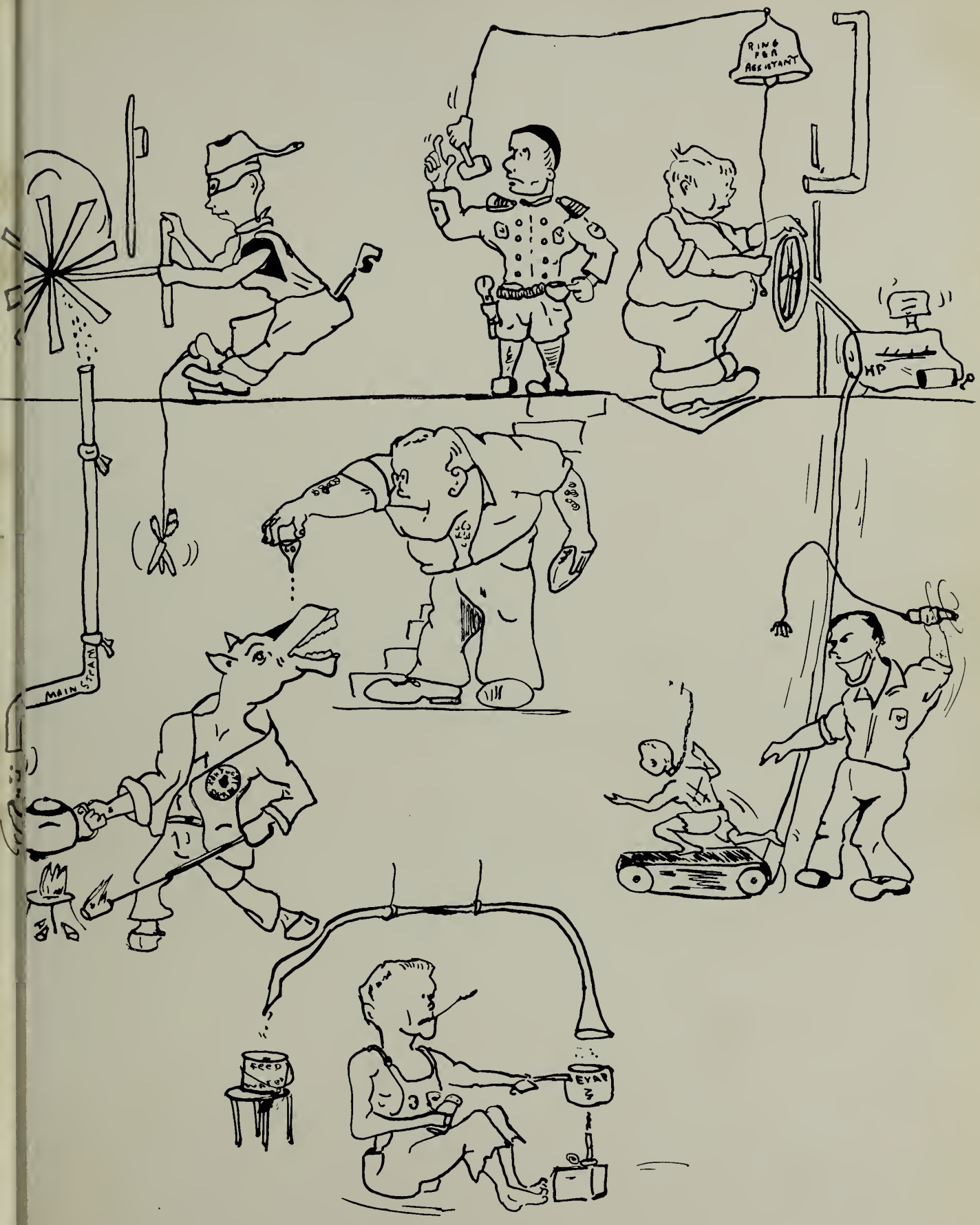
Who's that shadow boxing the D.C. heater? Oh, that's Austie, he once shook hands with the champ.

Punchy proved to us all that being a boxer doesn't necessarily damage the brain. He was always on top as far as classes went. In fact, with Jimmy's help, he did all right in the engine spaces too.

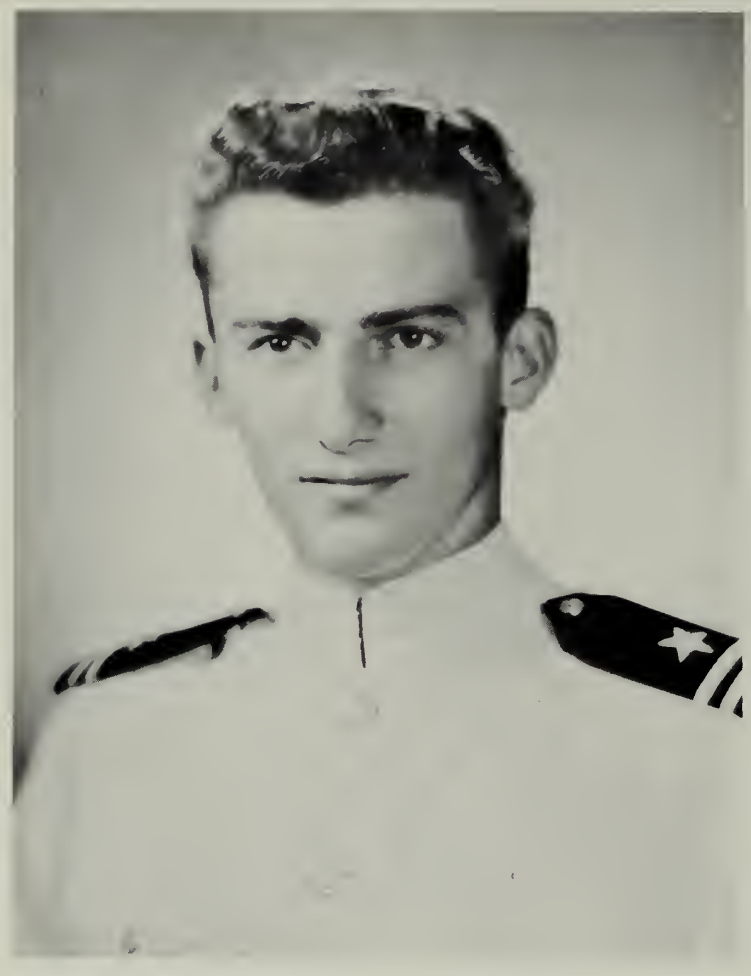
Austie's only problem was chasing after that small, gold bar, which always seemed to be about one jump ahead of him.

Austie worked hard during his stay here, and finally caught up to that gold bar. He could often be found working late at night in the laundry trying to get the wash out on time.

We understand that Austie wants to be laundry and morale officer at a Navy Base. Whatever he does, we are sure that he'll make out like a champ.


RING FOR ASSISTANT
HP
MAIN STRAIN
EYAR

SECOND DECK DIVISION



Ring Dance Committee
Chairman

Band

Orchestra

Cadet Lt. 2nd Division

RALPH H. CUTTER III
Ralph

55 Idlewell St.
Weymouth, Mass.

The Happy Valley's Division answer to Karl Marx hails from Weymouth. From the start we knew that Ralph was a boy to watch. His willingness to work was soon noted by the officers, and Ralph found himself with two stripes at the beginning of his first class year.

Always ready to help a friend, Ralph was noted for his love of giving. A hot man on the drums, we spent a lot of weekends in our youngie year listening to his Seldom Fed Five.

Full of drive and ambition, and caught with all sorts of activities, Ralph will go far in his chosen profession. The best Ralph.

Basketball
Track
Never Sweat A.C.
Night Riders

STEPHEN B. COLLINS
Stevo

106 Nightingale Ave.
Quincy, Mass.

Steve came to us via the Coast Guard Academy, and Havana. His first few weeks here were spent as a second job, but his knowledge soon won him a berth in our class.

Stevo, one of the coziest of all, ran into a little trouble with a Commissioner much to the concern of Commander Connors, but Steve with his carefree air soon forgot about this little rumble.

A great guy with the ladies, Steve usually is beseiged by two or three of the opposite sex. Yet, he knows how to handle them, and always gets his way.

Full of common sense, and with the brains to go along with it, Steve will be the pride of the Merchant Marine, and a credit to the Academy.

Football Asst. Mgr.
Sinister Six
Intramural Sports
Baldy's Boys
Night Rider

JAMES M. FULLER
Jaime

132 Williams St.
Taunton, Mass.

IN MEMORIAM

When the time comes and God calls each of us to heaven it is a sure bet that we will find Jimmy "heaving around" as was his favorite occupation during the years we knew him. His untimely death came as a great shock to all who knew and loved him.

In life Jimmy was a young man marked by his witty sense of humor, and frequent "devil may care" adventures. A wholesome personality, and a "what's mine is yours" philosophy of life rounded out his spiritual qualities. Recognized and respected by both instructor and midshipman alike as an outstanding seaman "Jaime" could always be counted on to complete any task given him.

A true friend, a credit to his family, school, and country, we render a final salute to James MacGowan Fuller knowing we will never forget him. May God protect Jimmy on the seas of heaven.

Corner Boys
Blood Donors Society
Propeller Club
Intramural Sports

RODGER A. LITCHFIELD
Rodger the Lodger

103 Hillside Avenue
Arlington, Mass.

As a youngie, Rodger got off to a rolling start by being stuffed in a barrel, and rolled down a ladder. Ever since this happened, Rodger has done anything right.

Very quiet and unassuming, White Litch, carried a little black cloud over his head wherever he went. A collector of unusual pocketbooks, he almost lost his whole collection during the Bay State's stay in San Juan.

The best driver in the school, the Dodger's pocketbook Pontiac is always at the head of the rat race on Friday afternoons.

A most sincere guy, we feel that he will succeed in anything he does. Best of everything, Litch.

Baseball Manager
Intramural Sports
Horizontal Club
Baldy's Boys
Never Sweat A.C.
Night Rider (Ret.)

DAVID O. MACKINNON
Otto

Onset Avenue
Onset, Mass.

"Shut up, or I'll take three names."

So quote our illustrious section leader of the youngie year. Otto sweated his way through that, and the next two years needless to say . . .

As honorary grounds-keeper of the Harrington Memorial Stadium, we all wondered how "Pear Shaped" managed to remain so. No one will soon forget his "Won't somebody sign the special?"

An A-1 Gorge member, Dave guarded this honor with an uncommon sacrifice—he stayed in the pad his whole upper job year.

Best of everything, Otto, and keep Wareham High happy, at least the feminine portion.

Propeller Club
Intramural Sports
Rowing Team
Horizontal Club
Klu Klux Klan

TIMOTHY J. MANN
Tim

4209 Culbreath Ave.
Tampa, Florida

Two pairs of long underwear, three sweaters, three pairs of sweat sox, and a peacoat, were the mid-summer attire of "Tyme", Tampa's gift to M.M.A.

It was a very disillusioned young man that came to sleep next to the K-orea mans pet toy, but after a year of being constantly jobbed Tim settled down to some serious work. One of the few real studious men in the class, Tim spent night after night boning his Navsci in order to get ahead in the Navy.

Between making boxes, and keeping a cute little Yankee happy, Timmy has his work cut out for him, and he should do it pretty well too.

Horizontal Club
Rowing Team
Football 2, 3
Q Club
Gorge Guard

JOSEPH A. SAPONARO
Sap

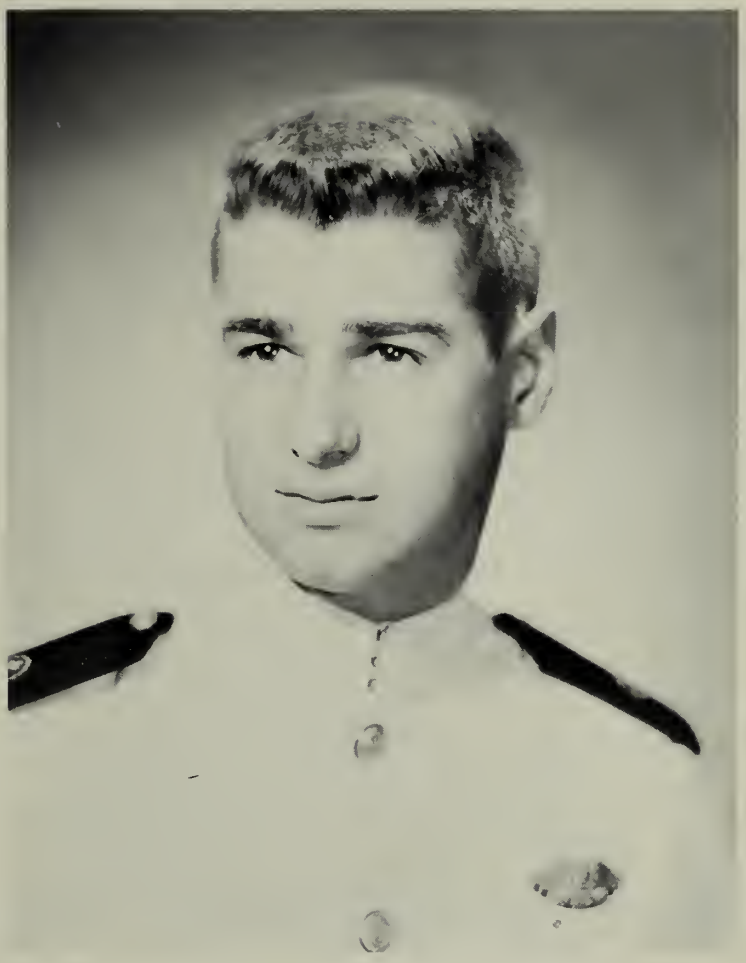
Turkey Hill Lane
Hingham, Mass.

Joe saddled up and rode down from Turkey Hill one misty morning, and couldn't find his way back. Settling for the next best thing, he chose a home away from home at M.M.A. As the junior member of the class, Sap had his troubles, especially with a certain obese first classmen in charge of soap barrels.

A light sleeper, Joe attributes his health to clean living. One of the lucky few to keep the same girl through all three years, Joe should have company at Turkey Hill very soon.

To a connoisseur of fine wines, adios.

Class Barber
Track
Horizontal Club
Intramural Sports
Honor Guard
Glee Club



ROBERT W. SARNIE
Bob

61 Sagamore Ave.
Medford, Mass.

As class barber, Bob had no peer—when he could be found. Of a greenish hue, Robert was happiest of all to learn that the barbershop was placed aft on the new ship. Always last to make a formation, Bob nevertheless took second place to none when it came to looking sharp.

A stern drillmaster, his training of the honor guard really caused some concern to some second jobs who couldn't quite master the Queen Anne's Salute.

With stars in his eyes, it's off to Pensacola, and flight school for Bob. Keep 'em flying.

PIONEER MINX

ELECTRICAL DIVISION

Watch 3 Old Guard
Intramural Softball Team
Muster Staff
Class Secretary
Wrestling Team
Cadet Lt. Watch 3

MALCOLM E. FITZGERALD
Fitzy

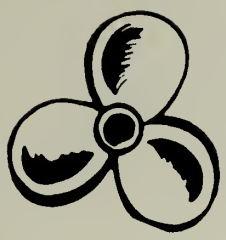
15 Ronan St.
Dorchester, Mass.

Out of the blackboard jungle of Dorchester, noted for the development of leaders and fighters, came Fitznik, our walking, swinging example of both. Well versed in the Articles of Torture Fitz could always be counted on for entertainment. His cartoons and impersonations contributed to many hours of concentrated study.

His far reaching knowledge of obscure subjects kept most of us in a state of amazement, and showed Mr. Harrington that there were still a few good students around.

The two stripes that Fitz carries on his shoulders are an indication of what the officers think of his ability. For once the Middies are forced to agree with the officers.

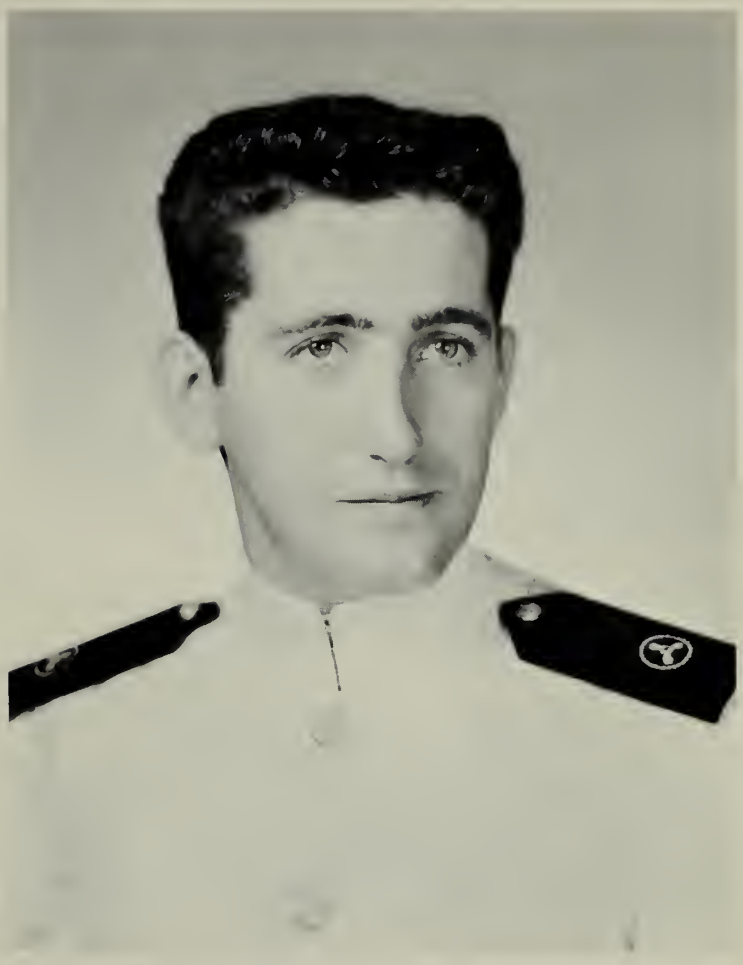
Fitz will always be remembered for the entertainment and good humor he spread throughout the vessel.



Watch 3 Old Guard

S. P.'s

Q Club



EARL F. BAKER
Ernie

27 Hillcrest Rd.
E. Weymouth Mass.

"You can't fool me son, I know you're not asleep-Wake up."

Ernie, one of the smaller members of our class could often be found dining in the most unusual places. Ernie's strange antics didn't stop here, for as he progressed through M.M.A., he entertained his classmates by becoming the fastest man with a "Peacemaker" to ever roam the decks and spaces.

Even so into every life a little rain must fall, and Earl was in Brooklyn the day the rains came. Not one to have his "spirits" dampened, Earl was soon off again poking his nose into more excitement.

With all the added week-ends Earl spent abroad studying? He has a head start on the trial to becoming a success.

Swimming Team Capt.

Muster Photographer

Intramural Softball Squad

JOHN MACGREGOR EDSON
Lung

102 Bellevue St.
West Roxbury, Mass.

Gurgling up from the briney deep came our aquatic champion, John Edson. His love of the deep, plus a strong liking for the unusual assured us that he would stay.

There were a few moments when "Lung" had us worried as to whether or not he would be an engineer, but he pulled through with flying colors.

John has introduced the M.M.A. boys to many new and amazing toys. During his upper job year he was made into a true Ivy Leaguer by a Cape Cod Florist.

A true playboy, John was always ready to do his part to decorate the compartment, and he even took the job of photographer for our Yearbook.

John's endurance and willingness to work are sure to help him on any shore.

Two Cruiser Club
Orchestra
Baseball
Horizontal Club

EDWARD L. FLYNN
Ed

844 Morton St.
Mattapan, Mass.

"Who's that fella?" He looks like a new officer, but he's wearing a Middies uniform. Ed joined us at the start of our second job year—straight from the Navy. He soon won favor with both Middies and officers alike-so much so that he got a stripe in Watch 3. Ed could always be found tinkering around with Black Litch and Earl, and the three of them were responsible for many improvements on the Bay State in the electrical dept.

The "Old Dog" as he was called, was always on hand to help us out with our school work, or with fatherly advice when we wanted it.

Ed's time on the Coral Sea, his cruises on the Bay State make him the saltiest upper job.

We figure that Ed can't miss, and we'll look for him at the top of the pile any day.

Propeller Club
Horizontal Club
20-20 Club
Watch 3 Old Guard

ROBERT W. LITCHFIELD
Black Litch

Curtis Lane
Edgartown, Mass.

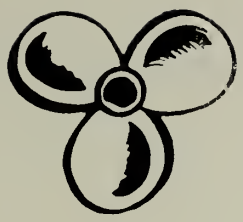
Litch has been long noted for his quiet and unassuming approach while pursuing his engineering career. Yet the feats which he has accomplished have never ceased to amaze us.

Litch, who comes from a small island of the coast of Cape Cod, left his deer slaying behind in order to become a "salt."

Blacky being a Watch 3 boy became quite adept at fixing electrical equipment, and could always be counted on to give a hand.

Aside from a small swimming party which caused him to receive some unfavorable publicity, Litch met with nothing but success during his stay down here.

We're sure that Litch will be a success . . . either as a big game hunter, or as a Chief Engineer.



Propeller Club
Intramural Sports
Watch 3 Old Guard
Horizontal Club

JOHN M. LOFTUS
Lofti

92 Cleveland St.
West Newton, Mass.

Lofti guy really lived up to his name. Being a six footer helped more than just a little. Jack received the brunt of a lot of our little jokes, and took it with a swagger.

It wasn't his fault that those youngies kept bumping into the fizzle switch: but because they did, Jack was made the President of the IN PORT PLANT STARTERS AUTHORITY.

Jack always had a good word for everybody . . . especially the corner boys on Sunday Evenings.

Jack is, however, one of the few guys who can be counted on to say the right thing at the wrong time, for which he often got ribbed—right chief?

Keep your swagger, Jack, because none of us would want you to change at all.

Football
Baseball
Intramural Sports
20-20 Club
Propeller Club

PAUL S. TIERNEY
Sledge

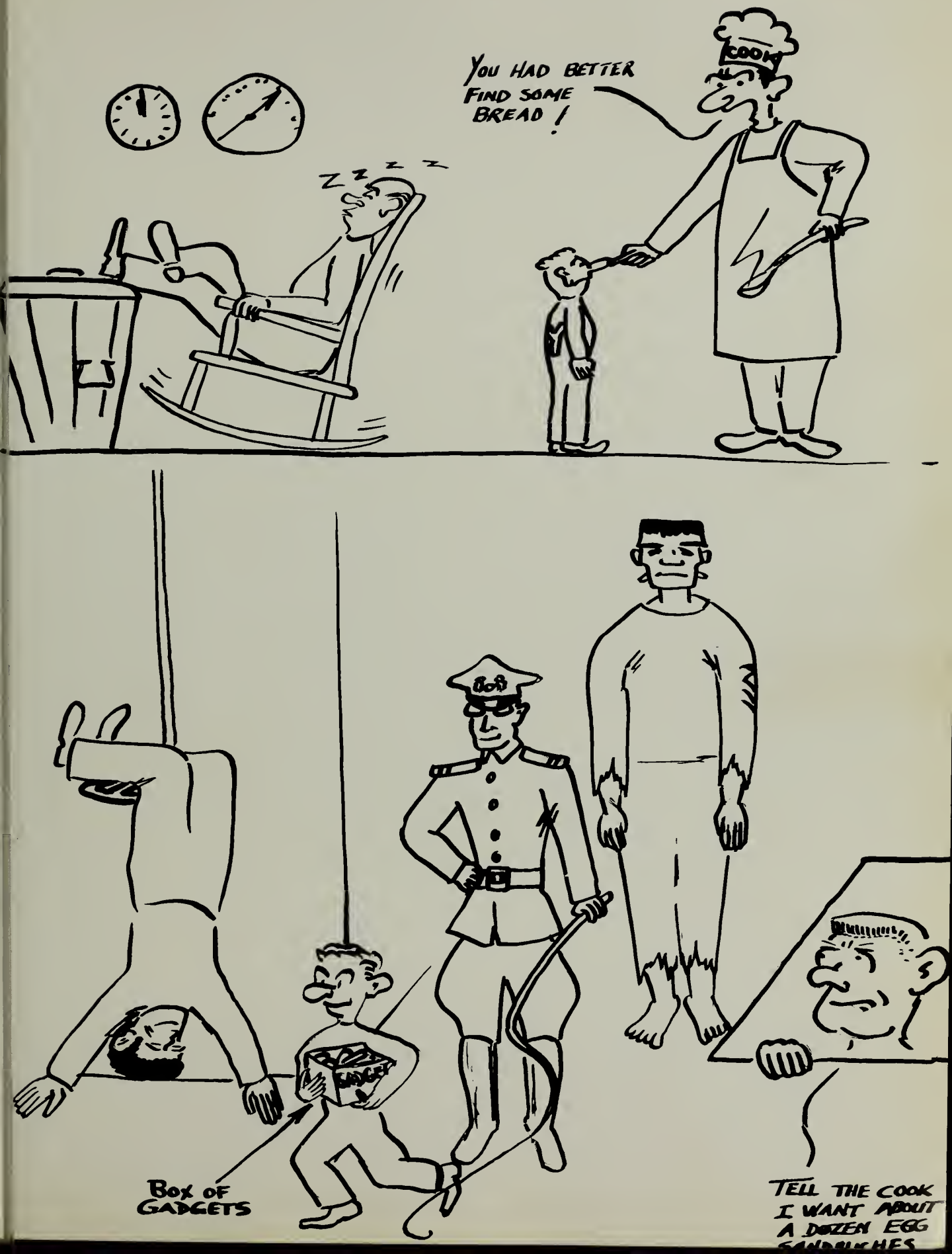
56 Newland Road
Arlington, Mass.

Each class must have its "Big Fella", and ours was no exception. He was a big guy with an even bigger personality which enabled him to get along with everyone . . . well almost everyone, as long as no one sat on his rack.

Sledge, as he was called, liked to play cat and mouse with Ernie, and almost anytime could be found chasing poor Earl who was unfortunately the mouse.

His engineering ability coupled with his athletic ability, and his willingness to work made him a standout for his entire three years.

An even disposition and a quick mind convinces us that Paul will accomplish any task which he may have to face in the future.


COOK
YOU HAD BETTER FIND SOME BREAD!
Z Z Z Z
BOX OF GADGETS
TELL THE COOK I WANT ABOUT A DOZEN EGG SANDWICHES

AFRICAN ENTERPRISE

THIRD DECK DIVISION

Baseball (Capt.)
Muster Staff
Gorge Member
Audobon Society
Cadet Lt. 3rd Division

WILLIAM C. DONNELL
Bucky

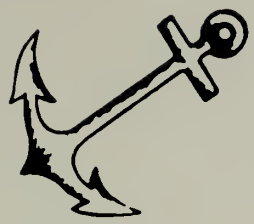
11 Toppa Road
Newport, R. I.

The anchor man in the Gorge, Parrot gets his name from his flaming red hair, and a few other incidentals. As leader of the "Bag" Division, Bill had no equal, and you can bet Lou was thankful for this.

The ace pitcher of the Maritime nine, Bill is responsible for the team's good showing this season. No slouch in the book department either, the Parrot is always up at the top in class standings.

Embroiled in all this activity, one would think that Bill has no time for rest, yet he puts in just enough sack time to be rested for his daily endeavors.

Bill's proven ability should provide easy going in anything that he might wish to do, and if its doable then Bill will do it. All the best to a great guy.



Football Manager
Glee Club
Baldy's Boys
Horizontal Club
Gorge Member

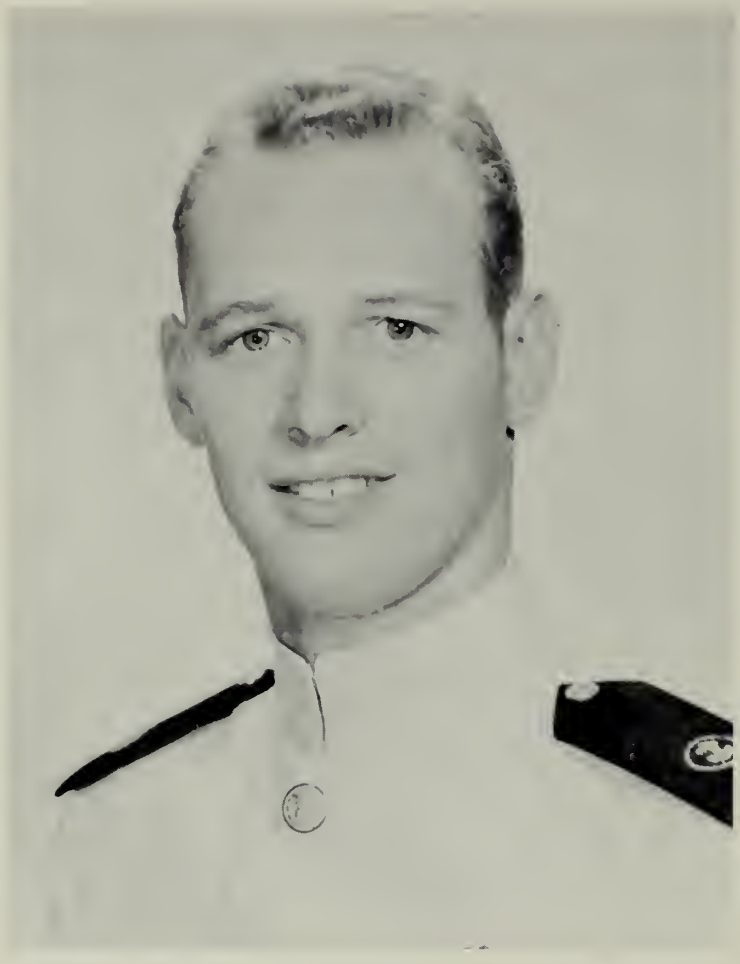
ROBERT W. J. BASTILLE
Boombah

1242 Park Street
Attleboro, Mass.

"Mr. Persecution" came to us via the Attleboro route when he was at the height of his singing career. He soon found, much to his dismay, that his audience at M.M.A. was not very appreciative of his talent. Bob perserved however, and became the outspoken voice of the Deckie class.

The elephant of our jungle land, Bass did a tremendous job as manager of the football team, even if it was at the expense of his studies.

A guy who is bound to go far, Bob should have no trouble convincing the Merchant Marine of his worth.



Horizontal Club
Rowing Team
20-20 Club
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club

MICHAEL E. CAPELOTTI
Shadow

62 No. Warren St.
Brockton, Mass.

Vowing that he wouldn't be caught again the world's coziest man returned and took up residence with our class. The Shadow caused consternation wherever he went, because he kept disappearing into the walls.

Full of vim and vitality the Capper spent most of his time in the bunk, leaving the nightime episodes to those of more daring character. He did try his hand at weight-lifting, but the strain proved too much.

Soon to be wed, Mike with his quiet, and unassuming manner should be very happy and successful in the years to come. It is our sincere wish that this be the case.

Muster Advertising Mgr.
Librarian
Q Club
Ring Committee
Swimming Team

FRANCIS G. JOHNSTON 3rd
Sub

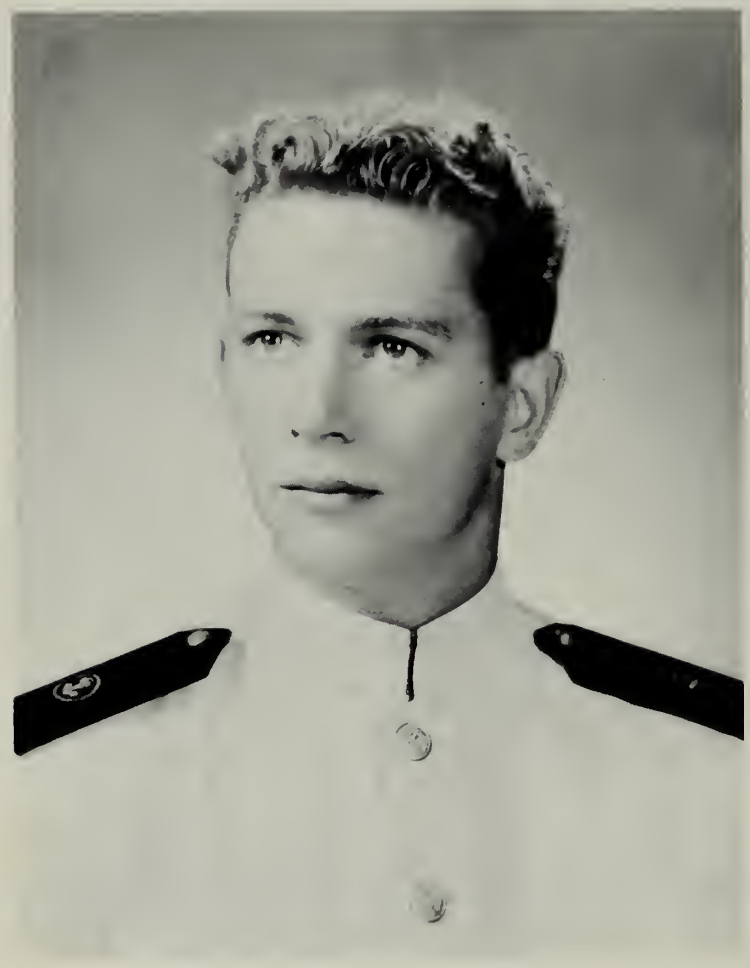
67 Mount Vernon St.
Boston, Mass.

Is it a bird, a plane, or a fish? Well no its just our own Sub-a-Dub playing submarine. Sub lives, eats, and dreams of Subs, and is just waiting for the day he can get aboard one.

The youngies friend, Frank is guidance director for the whole third class, and is constantly pulling deals for them.

As school librarian Sub was blessed with the job of keeping our huge stock of books in order, and trying to keep the first jobs out of the library.

A guy who really gives his all, Frank was rewarded with a stripe in the "Happy Valley Division", and deserves the right to be proud of it. A nice guy to have at your side, we salute you, Frank.



Rowing
Weight Lifting
Horizontal Club
Track
20-20 Club
Gorge Member

DAVID C. MARTENSON
Marty

180 Oak St.
Framingham, Mass.

Marty came to us via the class of 1958, after a three years absence. Between the bunk and the Charles Atlas courses, the Bleached Adonis was very seldom seen. Only at night could he be heard expounding his love for animals, and dogs in particular.

The class theorist, Marty had the knack of provoking an argument wherever he went, and it usually extended to the whole class.

Marty's ambition is to start a new cult of health maniacs, but what ever he does, he seems destined for bigger and better, or at any rate heavier, things.

Somebody Has To use it

Football 1, 2, 3
Horizontal Club
Glee Club
Rowing Team
M.I.T. Alumni

JOHN A. MELVIN
Melbroom

Highland Rd.
North Marshfield, Mass.

"When I was in the Air Force, I knew my rights, Cull."

Melbroom is on the warpath again. It was a trying three years for John, teaching navigation, seamanship, and the proper wearing of the uniform, but he finally made it. After three years at M.M.A., and an equivalent nine at M.I.T., John seems well prepared for antigravitational procedures, provided that is, that no one has to wake him for the "Mid".

The bunk was John's home his last year here, and it was from here that he expounded on the beauties of Greenland, and the correct way to service the S & J radar.

Best of luck to a guy whose bark is no worse than his bite.

Swimming
Track
Rowing Team
Night Riders
Baldy's Boys
Century Club

JAMES S. NOLAN
Mousie

92 Arlington Rd.
Woburn, Mass.

Jimmy Nolan, ace electrician, and member in good standing of the Mickey Mouse Club, certainly deserves the title of the biggest dealer in the class. Mousie spent a rewarding three years hard at work, his task made easier by the loving care of his foster Mother, Mrs. Murray.

The bunk suction of the upper job year almost proved fatal to this little fella, but the snapper squeeked by, shaken, but not undaunted.

The Mouse had his finger in every pie, and everything with him was "Gimmee." In this way he brought a happier marriage to a former classmate.

A good friend, and a nice guy to whom the class bids a very fond adieu.

Track
Rowing Team
Night Riders
Baldy's Boys
20-20 Club

THEODORE RODES JR.
Ted

35 Bel Air Rd.
Hingham, Mass.

Teddy spent a shadowy stay at the Academy, flitting from Flame to Palace with ease and a cosmopolitan air. The run in with a certain Forest Ranger proved the worth of a crowd, though he really sweated that line-up.

The quiet manner of the "Golden Greek" had us all fooled until we attended some of his notorious parties, and discovered the true nature of his character.

A stalwart on the Track Squad, he could always be counted on to gain points in the running events, and was one of the key factors in our victory over Maine.

Lots of luck, Ted, although you usually make your own.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4

Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept.

Intramural Sports

Q Club

20-20 Club

HENRY J. ST. PIERRE
Saint

6 Bradford St.
Salem, Mass.

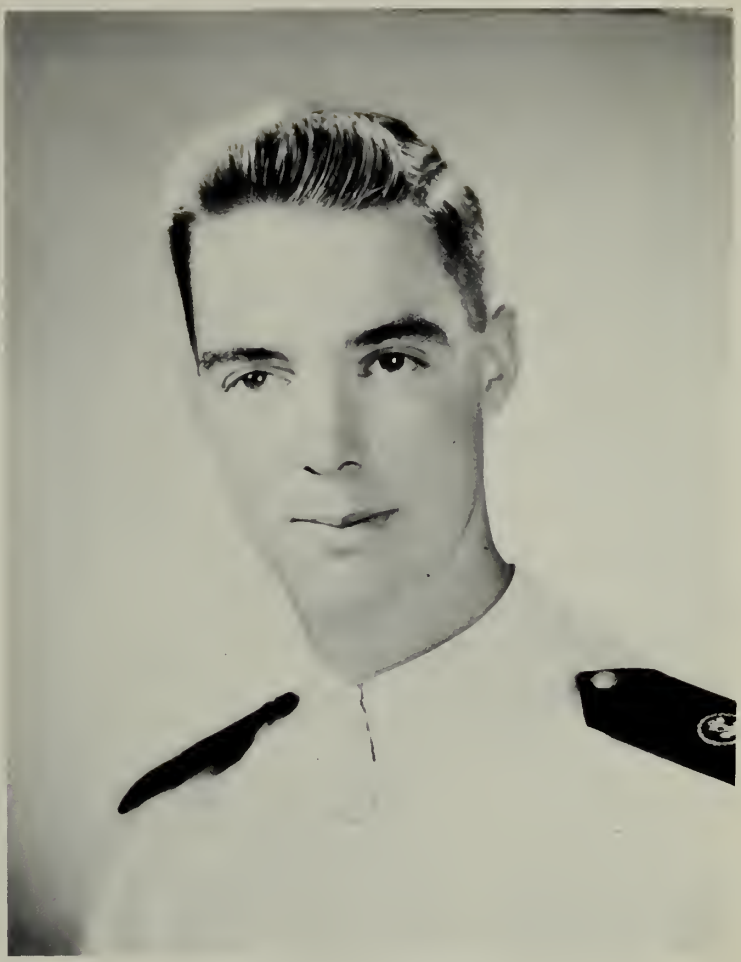
Saint moved down from the Ol deck last year to become a full fledged member of our class. An expert on the Wild West, Henry could out-draw and out-shoot the best that could be mustered.

His perch on a coil of line in No. 2 Hold proved difficult to explain, not so his fondness for the mound, as a member of the Maritime nine.

As class teetotaler, he often could be heard expressing his views on the subject of alcohol. His only vices were a partiality towards work, and a certain seamanship instructor.

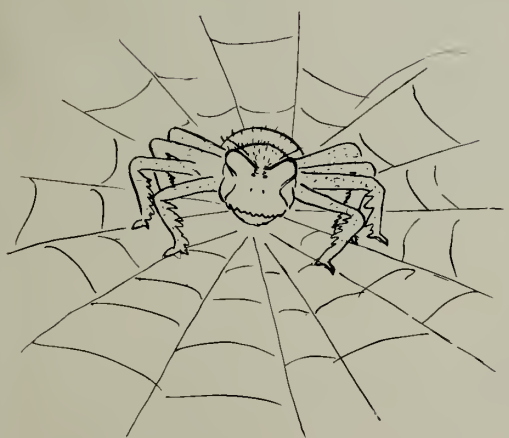
Let Uncle Sam beware of Frenchmen bearing gifts of humor.

Golf
Track
Intramural Sports
Baldy's Boys
Muster Staff
Band



WARREN R. WEBB
Spider

186 Speen St.
Natick, Mass.



The Spider defied science by spending the entire three years at M.M.A. resting on his cranium. A lovely seahorse took two sittings due to a small difficulty with a bathroom sink.

Webbies Auld Lang Syne proved a topic of conversation for quite sometime, much to his dislike.

Fleet of foot, he occasionally came right side up long enough to beat Maine in Cross Country races, add this to his musical talent which he so capably displayed in the Band, and you may get some idea of the Spider's diversity.

A man who never refused a classmate, Warren takes a small part of each of us away with him. Best of everything, Webbie.

Pres. Horizontal Club
Q Club
Propeller Club
20-20 Club

GEORGE A. WESTGATE
Mungbat

State Bog Road
E. Wareham, Mass.

George, class Mungbat is prone to many things, but most of all he is just prone. Bitten by a tse tse fly, Rip Van Westgate spent three years fighting the disease, 'though not too hard. Quarantined by the disease his forays into the Bogs became numerous until a neighbor caught on, and grounded the "Bat".

Although George would be the first to admit it, he is quite the ladies man, and was plagued by tons of correspondance on the cruise. He never answered these letters however, as it was too hard to write in a horizontal position.

When we all walk down the road for the last time, we know that George will be there beside us—fast asleep.

YANKEE
GO HOME
FREE
Cheese

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

AUXILIARY DIVISION

Cadet Lt. Watch 4
C.I.C.
Corner Boys
Nurse's Aide

ALLEN G. METCALFE
Happy

65 Montvale Rd.
Weston, Mass.

Here he is folks, "The Leaper", a product of Weston who became known as the happiest man aboard, mainly because of the smile that always seemed to adorn "The Head". In spite of the——drags he received about his cranium, he showed that the shape of the package is no indication of the contents.

Lennie "bombed" through his three years at M.M.A., and became Watch 4's leader.

Outside of giving a few second jobs a rough time, Lennie was liked by all, and gained fame by breaking all existing speed records on Rte. 128 for the usual Friday night run.

Happy, always the diplomat, welded American-Canadian relations one night in San Juan, as he tried gallantly to uphold the honor and glory of the Middies.

So long, and good luck to a great classmate.

Horizontal Club

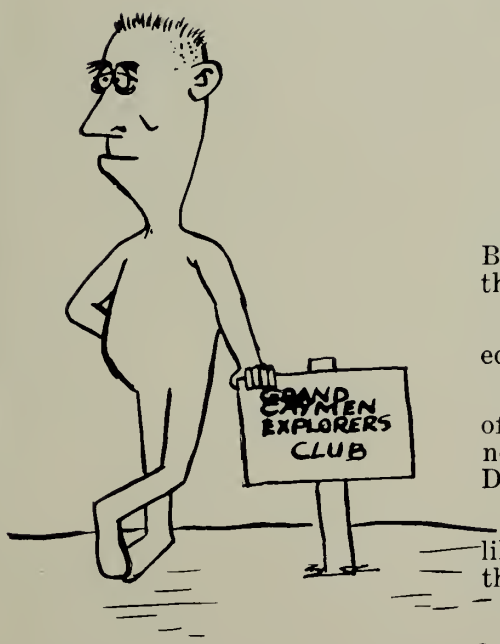
Dixie Club

Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept.

Rowing Team

JAMES F. COLLINS
Poopsie

4 Porter St.
Salem, Mass.



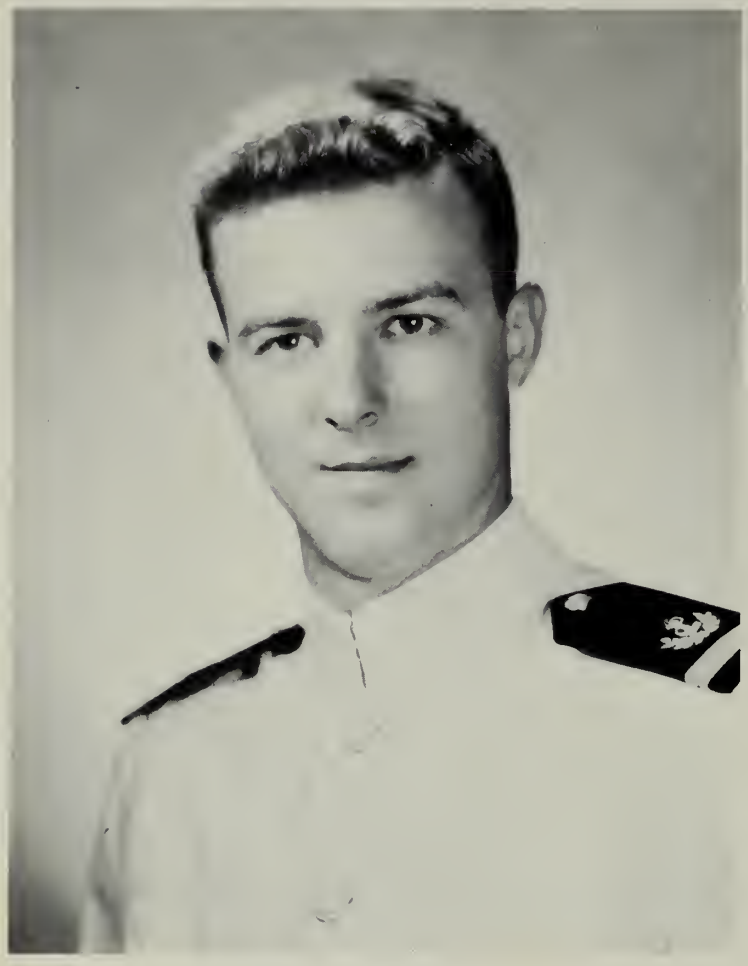
Down from the North Shore came our boy, Popsie. Being the cozy type, he never got caught doing anything wrong. He was always the sneak that got away.

Following the footsteps of his big brother, Poops proved to be an able engineer, and a great classmate.

A charter member of the Horizontal Club, and one of Bing's little helpers, Poops showed us all that coziness pays off by pulling down one stripe in the Auxiliary Division.

Jim leaves the hallowed halls of M.M.A. something like the Uncle Joe Weekends, which have become a thing of the past.

Poopsie Collins-gone but not forgotten.



Muster Staff
Glee Club
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club

DONALD E. KADLAC
Don

648 Wall Road
Spring Lake Heights, N. J.

Solid Gold, aforeign make-"German we think", always did go for blondes. He thought he was pretty fast until he got one of his headlights scratched by a "Little Nash Rambler."

Originally from N. J., Green Gills settled in Newton Lower Falls, where his perfection began . . . "Not Don, he wouldn't do a thing like that . . ." Although Don faced the bigger things in life with bravery, he sometimes turned to a smaller comrade for aid with some of his problems.

Don, although he often tried, could never quite fill that feed tank with half a quart bottle. Instead he usually found himself looking at the bottom of the table. Yes sir, Castro has nothing on "O'Rook."

To a super-engineer we indeed wish speedy "Chief's Papers."

Golf

Basketball

Rowing Team

Dixie Club

Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept.

RAYMOND G. LAVENDER
Ray

56 Appleton St.
Salem, Mass.

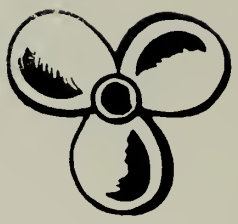
Salem's favorite son came to M.M.A. with a smile and a good word for us all. These are two attributes that Ray retained all during his stay at Cape Cod.

Ray was one of the more fun loving members of our class, and was always playing games with anyone who was at hand. This even included the Navy ships that sailed past us.

LaPonte had such a desire for learning that he even went so far to submit a "Special" to advance his knowledge in Thermo.

Ray's ability as a conversationalist makes him a standout in any crowd.

We're sorry to see Ray go because he has been such a good influence on us all, but we know that he will be looked up to wherever he goes . . . even if his inquisitive nature does get him in trouble occasionally.



Glee Club
Corner Boys
20-20 Club
Horizontal Club
Swimming Team
Cozy Cutie
Century Club

DOUGLAS R. MacGREGOR
Tuna

27 Sewall St.
Wollaston, Mass.

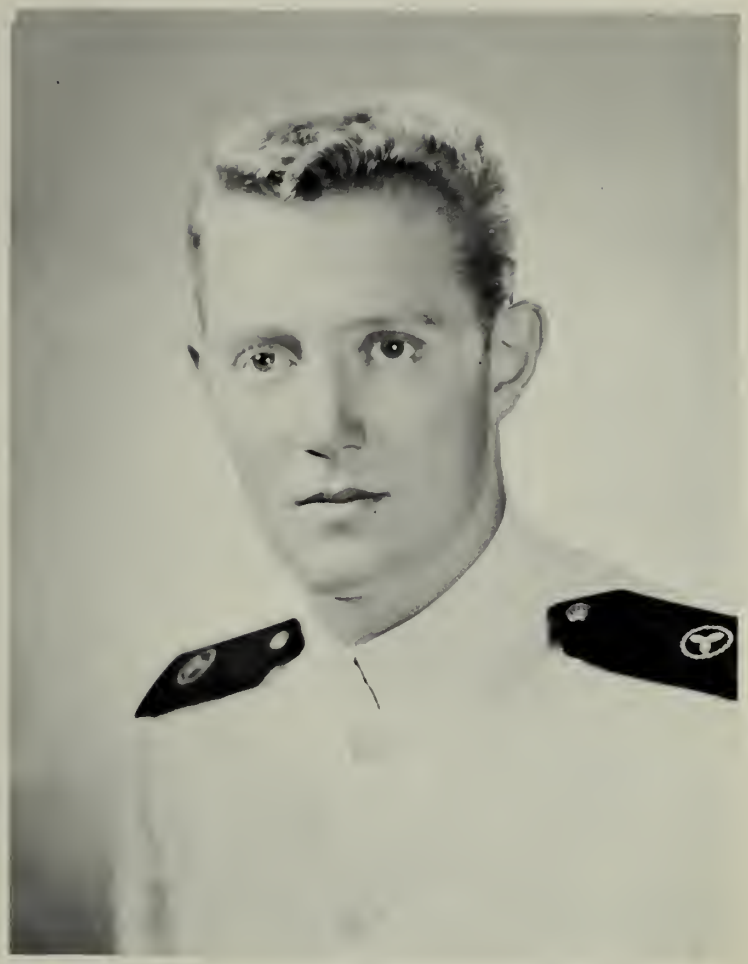
"That tall, blond, fellow, he's the one I want." These were words uttered by many first jobs during the first few weeks we spent at the Academy. Doug tried to stay out the way, but he was just too tall.

While trying to purloin a small can of tuna from Mr. Anteen's storeroom, he earned the first of his many colorful nicknames.

As he progressed through his years here, he made many friends—with perhaps one notable exception. This red herring situation caused him to spend many moons aboard the Bay State, and permanently enrolled him as President of the Century Club.

Outside of this, our blond Scotchman has done all right for himself. His "Hutt Mun" brogue, plus his personality will carry him in good stead wherever he goes.

Swimming Team
Track Team
Corner Boy's
Glee Club
Alias Art McKay
Cozy Cutie
Two Cruiser Club



ARTHUR CARL MONSON JR.
Moon

25 Audubon St.
East Braintree, Mass.

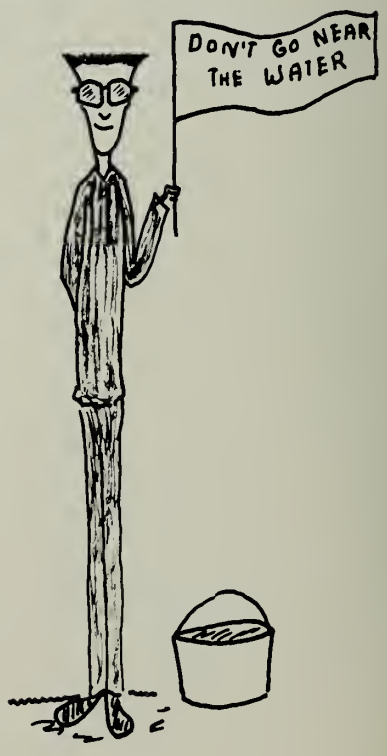
Red left a mark on M.M.A. that will be long remembered. One could always find Art bounding about from place either after a young man, or after some fresh bananas for which he had a strange craving. "Moon" did a lot to promote the Glee Club, and was one of the Captains of the Swimming Team. Although a football game kept him from his "youngie" cruise, he proved that he was worth his salt by becoming a glorious engineer. A hard worker, Art was always ready to earn a buck.

With Art's ability to earn a buck and to hold on to it, we are sure that he'll be one of the first to retire with a million.

Golf Team
Weight Lifting Squad
Horizontal Club
20-20 Club
Supper Club

ROBERT D. WOODSIDE
Woodie

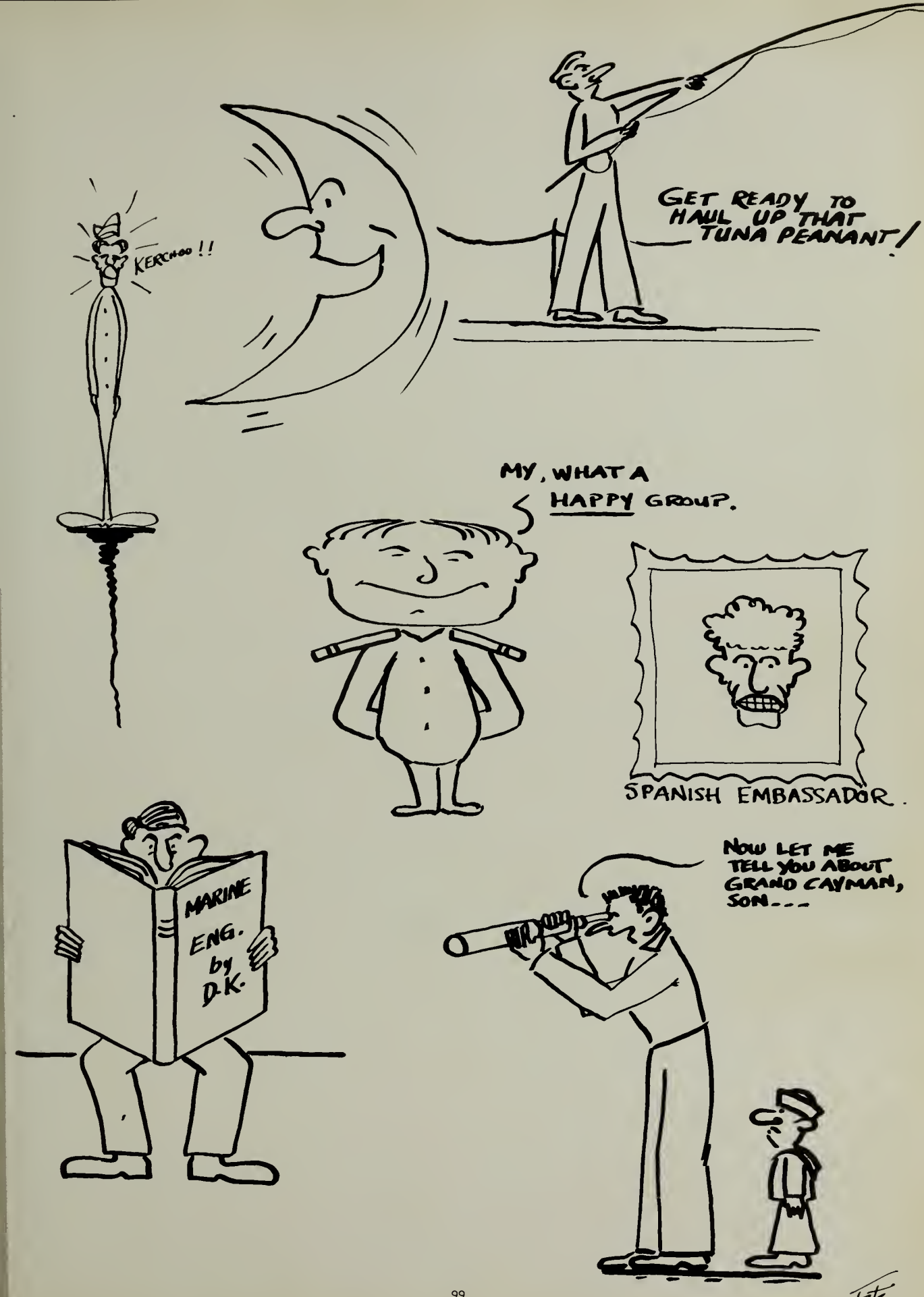
7 Nicholas Rd.
No. Reading, Mass.



R. D. Woodside, our 120 pound Tarzan made up for his lack of weight by his large personality. Woodie made out all right during his first few months here, even gaining a couple of pounds. Then came the cruise. Poor Woodie, he just wasn't cut out to go to sea, but frequent trips topside and a lot of determination pulled our living shadow through.

Woodies lack of muscle is more than made up for by his sharp wits which placed him high on the scholastic heap of engineers.

Not even his long trip to Brighton Marine could slow this boy. If Dudley can keep his feet on terra firma, and get plenty of Kay's cooking, he'll do all right.


KERCHOO !!
GET READY TO HAUL UP THAT TUNA PEANANT!
MY, WHAT A HAPPY GROUP.
SPANISH EMBASSADOR.
MARINE ENG. by D.K.
NOW LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT GRAND CAYMAN, SON...

SECOND CLASS DECK

Front Row, l. to r.: Brugman, Cummings, Morris, O'Connell, Rogan, Doyle, Standish, Buckley, Babineau, St. Jean. **Rear Row:** Fanning, Belmonte, Simpson, Kimtis, Flaherty, O'Reilly, Finochio, Kershaw.

SECOND CLASS ENGINEERS

Front Row, l. to r.: Huhtanen, McGee, Nilsen, Coughlin, MacDougall. Robinson, Liberty, Jefferson, Hill, Gavin. **Rear Row:** Larkin, Salemi, Hill, Hartigan, Donahue, White, Wiley, Walzer, Renzi, Beram.

THIRD CLASS GROUP A

1st Row, l. to r.: Fernald, Baraldi, Brown, Dillon, Berig, Harris, Harrington, Dwyer, Farrell, Conway, Fuller. **2nd Row:** Grady, Basset, Hartshorn, Bressem, Bourneuf, Deschamps, Hammatt, Ballard, Destremps, Christie. **3rd Row:** Farrell, Cochrane, Herbert, Fraser, Atkins, Halloran, Grady, Giles, Gardner, Bolcome.

THIRD CLASS GROUP B

1st Row, l. to r.: Kradolfer, Warren, Ward, Van Ummersen, Trudell, Sullivan, King, Smith, Lynch. **2nd Row:** O'Donnell, Keyes, Smith, Slattery, Holmes, O'Leary, Thurber, Jones, Shea. **3rd Row:** LaPreste, Hindle, Shields, Mooers, Sheehan, Verrochi, Ketchopulos, Prouty, McGee, Spero.

A HISTORY OF

SERVICE TO STATE AND COUNTRY

Through the two most devastating wars in history, and myriads of political red tape, the Massachusetts Maritime Academy has produced for the United State Merchant Marine, men of exceptionally high caliber, both in the arts of Seamanship and Navigation, and in Moral Character.

The Academy received its Charter in 1893, and was given the sailing vessel "Enterprise" for a training ship. The "Enterprize" was replaced by the Navy frigate "Ranger" in 1909 after fifteen years of faithful service.

The "Ranger", renamed the "Nantucket", carried the cadets to all parts of the globe, and besides training young men to follow the sea, was the vehicle which brought American goodwill to many out of the way places. For three decades the "Nancy" served the needs of Mass. Maritime Academy, and though she was hopelessly outdated, many fine officers received their training under her canvas.

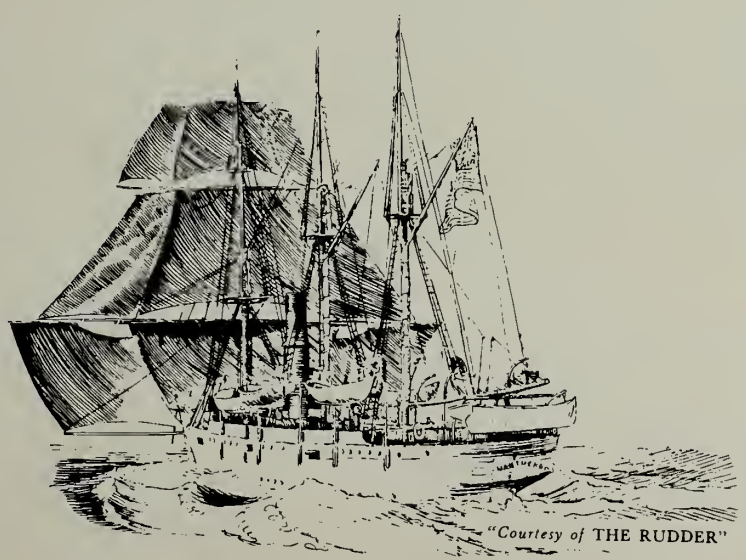
World War Two saw the establishment of a shore base at Hyannis, an eighteen month scholastic program, and the departure of the "Nancy." She was sent to King's Point to serve out her retirement as a monument to the days of sail.

In 1948, the gunboat "Charleston" was given to us by the U. S. Navy, and since Hyannis had no facilities for a ship of her size, the whole base was moved to its present sight in Buzzards Bay. A renovated warehouse served as our first classroom, and for that matter, it still does.

Improvements were slow in coming, and by 1957 the condition of the "Chun" warranted the purchasing of a new ship. The APA Doyen, rechristened, the "Bay State" was the result of our bargaining, and after a momentous overhaul, was adopted for service. That same year saw the building of a new concrete pier to replace the wooden finger pier, and the resurfacing of the grounds. We made history also this year by having armed Midshipmen standing sentry duty in the parking lot hindering the private enterprize of a well-known hot dog salesman.

Future plans call for a new Engineering Building, recreational facilities, and perhaps dormitories to bring us in step with the other Maritime Academies. These plans are on the drawing board, but they have been there for ten years without any further development.

It is a shame that a state as rich in the lore of the sea as Massachusetts can not see fit to equip her only remaining link with her glorious past adequately enough so that she may being her greater glory in the future.



"Courtesy of THE RUDDER"

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CLASS

The year is 1960. The place; General Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. A young man is lying on a couch in the office of one of the psychiatrists. He is being questioned about his abnormal behavior on a ship the day before. If we listen we can barely hear what they are saying.

"Suppose you start at the beginning Mr. Smith, and tell me where, if you can, you got these weird ideas on how a ship is supposed to be run."

"Well Doctor, as far as I can recollect, it all began when I entered the Massachusetts Maritime Academy in August of 1956.

At that time I would class myself as a normal individual, as was the rest of the class. Well, we reported that morning, and drew our gear. All the time I was drawing my gear, I had the feeling someone was eyeing me intently. Suddenly, this big hairy looking character comes over and demands a cigarette. Man, was I piqued, but I looked around and saw that those that had entered with me were giving their cigarettes out to other hairy looking characters.

I didn't know it then, Doctor, but this was my indoctrination into Hell.

As time passed, things grew steadily worse. Classes were a farce that year, as they only reviewed subjects we all had in high school. Yet the hairy looking men, whom I knew by now as First Classmen, and I called either sir, or mister, seemed to get great enjoyment out of making me stand on my head, or sit on the "Green Stool." We were kept eternally busy running around keeping these men supplied with food, cigarettes, stationery, and stamps. In these first few months, I saw men of my class, stuffed in barrels, covered from head to toe with peanutbutter, stood on their heads at a brace, and made to climb the yardarms in zero degree weather.

The cruise came along in January, and I was sure things would be better.

OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE

I was never more mistaken. I shined shoes, washed dishes, painted bulkheads, sorted laundry, jobbed milk, and made coffee every morning for the First Classmen. I don't even remember one port from my third Class Cruise.

After the cruise, I was determined to stick it out, as I noticed that the Second Jobs lived the life of Riley with nobody bothering them. So I stuck it out, and on the last day before the First Class left the premises, we of the Third Class had our chance for revenge. We ripped their clothes, and in many cases found that they were wearing some of our clothes, threw them over the side, and in general committed mayhem on them. I'm telling you, Doctor, never before did I get such malicious pleasure from tearing things apart.

They left the next day, and everybody, including me, were sorry to see them go. When you looked back at the past year, you could only see the good times, and forgot about the bad. So we carried their bags out to their cars, and told them what great guys they had been, and that we were proud to have had them for Upper Jobs."

"One question before you go on, Mr. Smith. Did your class as a group ever try to hide from these fiends, you have just told me about?"

"Yes Doctor, every Sunday night before liberty expired all of us used to hide in the forward gear locker of the Charleston. We always were caught there too."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith, go on with your story please."

"My Second Class year was the best of my three years down at the Academy. It seemed that nobody ever bothered us and we could study to our hearts content. We got along quite easily. This was the case up until October when we suddenly acquired a new ship. The Bay State replaced the Charleston, and we went immediately on a work schedule to outfit the new ship in time to make the cruise.

The First Lieutenant asked our class to break their backs so that the new ship might be ready on time. Oh, he promised us many deals if we did him this favor, and we worked our fool heads off. Well, we were completely taken in. We worked from dawn to dusk, Semester finals came and went, and still we worked. In our minds ran the thought of better deals that we had been promised. The ship was ready by the cruise, and off we sailed.

This cruise was a work cruise, so we didn't get to see much of the Caribbean, but we did pull, our first deal which was to have the whole forward section of the ship allotted to our class.

The only exceptions to this ruling was of course the holds, and the sail locker which then left us with one, whole compartment for ourselves. The cruise proved an engineering nightmare, and the heat from the engine rooms choppd off the weight like butter from a hot knife.

The end of the cruise came, and we bent our backs to the bulkhead studying for the finals. We all eventually got through them, even though a side trip to Brooklyn almost ruined our year completely.

Brooklyn Doctor, was a Chinese nightmare, but it is an integral part of my story. We went there to repair our turbines which had given us so much trouble on the cruise. The Upper Jobs were studying for the Mate's, and the Second Job Deckies had run off to Gyro School. The Engineer's had to stay aboard and work their fingers to the bone. Yet somehow they managed to squeeze out some leave for us, and the Deckies too after they had left a harried Frank Burns. The lowered drinking age that is the law in New York left some of us hanging over all the way back to Buzzards Bay. Some of the best times in our lives were had in Brooklyn, and I am sure that every member of our class has fond remembrances of this wonderful burg.

The year had fast slipped by, and all I could remember was the sweat and toil of work. I had begun to ask myself was it worth it.

"I have another question, Mr. Smith. Did you at anytime, fall from a great height?"

"No sir, I was pretty careful. Oh my God was I careful, and I always let the other fellows do the climbing."

"Very well, continue with this fascinating tale won't you?"

"I was an Upper Job now, and ready to persecute as I was persecuted.

The "Youngies" under us didn't have a chance. We soon found out that the Bay

State wasn't as cozy as the Charleston, much to the dismay of one of my classmates who had a yen for toast. The first part of the year went quite quickly with our one and only formal dance, the Ring Dance, going off very smoothly. Our instructors appreciating the fact that we were now first classmen, seemed to blame all that went on aboard the ship on us. Yet, we had liberty every weekend and any night after ten o'clock, so we didn't mind too much. Again we were asked to pitch in and carry the brunt of the work load, and again we accepted without a murmur. Our record was so good that the Commissioners had to come down and find out what was making us behave so strangely. They didn't find out at this time, but it was just a prelude to what was to come later in the year.

The last cruise began in an omnious manner, and we found ourselves arguing as to whether a cruise to Europe or the West Coast would be better. There was no need of argument, as the "Brass" decided that the West Coast would be much more beneficial to the Midshipmen. Well, we thought this won't be so bad, at least we shall see the Pacific Ocean. We saw it all right, and we got sick of it. When they said beneficial, they meant from a stand point of work, and they were right, we worked until we seriously considered writing a letter to the State asking for Union wages.

The Board of Commissioners kept us aboard for a few week-ends, but then the whole matter was dropped in a shroud of mystery. The restriction was accepted as just another unjust act, and besides it gave us a chance to study for our Mate's, which were just around the corner.

"We passed everything, and prepared for graduation. At graduation in order to show our appreciation for the things the school had done for us, we gave everybody a box of CIGARS."

As it was we settled for our usual seventeen dollars a month, and a "well done" from the Captain. The cruise finally ended however, and I looked toward my last days at the academy, as just one more challenge to meet.

After the cruise it started out peacefully enough. We were all praised for the work we had done, and told that we would be rewarded for it. The rewards must have been slow in coming for we are still waiting for them. It wasn't too bad however, as we took a few liberties ourselves.

Things sometimes happen, and to our class they did. To make a long story short, we got caught taking a few of these liberties, and it precipatated a big investigation.

"So Doctor, this is what I think caused me to act in such an abnormal way. It was my training at the Mass. Maritime Academy."

"Well Mr. Smith, you have hit the nail on the head. By the way, why did you stuff that poor A.B. in a barrel anyway?"

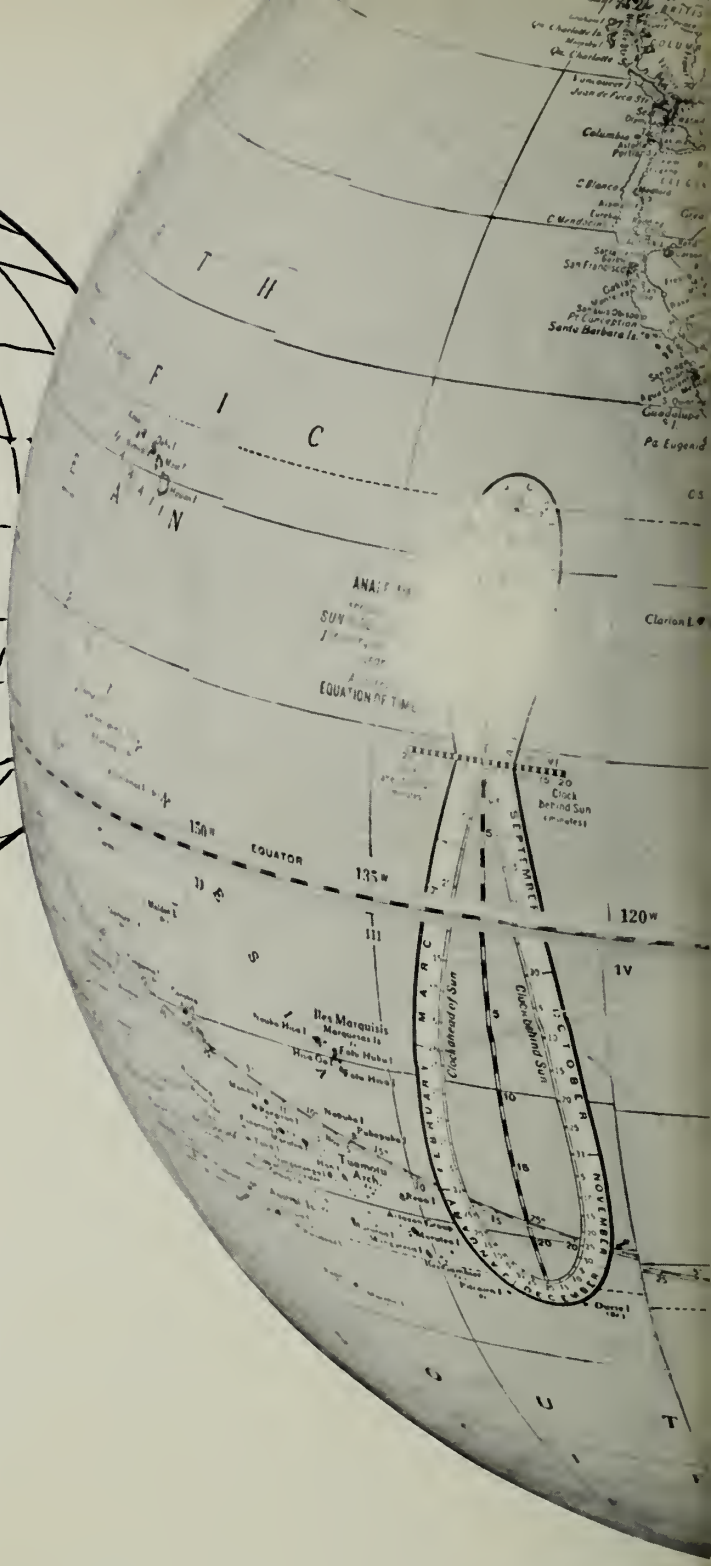
"Doctor, I asked him for a cigarette, and he claimed he was fresh out, so I naturally stuffed him in a barrel."

"I see no reason to hold you here any longer, Mr. Smith, as far as I can see, it was a temporary lapse, and you are as normal as I am."

"Gee thanks, Doc, you have been swell, but I have to hurry now. I left my ship double parked."

. . . AND IT SHALL BE THE OBLIGATION OF THESE STATE MARITIME ACADEMIES TO MAKE ONE TRAINING CRUISE ANNUALLY. THIS CRUISE WILL PROVIDE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE STUDENT TO APPLY THE THEORY THAT HE HAS LEARNED IN THE CLASSROOM.

CRUISES



FOR
DEPARTURE
ON

OUR THIRD CLASS CRUISE

To most of us the Third Class Cruise was perhaps the biggest event of our young careers. We were actually going to sea on a ship for three months. Our first night at sea we weren't feeling so rugged however, as wind and wave combined to lay the Charleston on her beams end. A day out of Buzzards Bay, and already the weather was trying to tear us apart. We somehow managed to perservere, and soon we were steaming in calmer seas. Our course was south, and for five days we steamed until early in the morning of the fifth day we made our landfall, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

The "Chun" anchored in the Bay amidst several of our Country's finest warships, and being at a Navy Base we did like the Navy did and ferried our troops ashore in the "bathtubs". Liberty in Cuba was of the restricted sort. It expired at six at night, and to top it off we were confined to the limits of the Base. Therefore, it was imperative to take what the Navy could offer us with the Officers' swimming pool taking first preference. I am reasonably sure that their offers of hospitality will never again be put before the herd from M.M.A. The men left aboard did their part in the paint up, fix up campaign, and got their share of liberty also. Nobody was sorry to leave "Gitmo" as the Naval atmosphere kind of stifled our independent Middie spirit. So we upped anchor one bright and sunny morning, and set our course for St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands.

A quaint setting greeted the Charleston as she steamed into the harbor at Charlotte Amalie. The town extended down to the water edge, and behind it loomed lovely, green, rolling hills. A beautiful hotel (Virgin Isle) held a commanding view directly overlooking the harbor. All in all it was a tourist's paradise, and a port in which the Middies had a real enjoyable time. We, the Third Classmen, thankful of the opportunity to escape the terrors of our Upper Jobs, could be found in almost all the tiny joints along the waterfront, although a few of the more cultured took to the hills to do a little sight-seeing. It was also in St. Thomas that our own little "Ernie" tried to make like an airplane with a jeep, and found he needed a lot more schooling in the science of aeronautics. Throughout the island we found startling evidence of poverty, and for once we were thankful for having at least the limited benefits of a "Youngie". At last, time came for us to leave this tropic isle, and we carried away from it, many sweet memories of the good times had there.

The next stop on the agenda was Bridgetown, Barbados, and again we found ourselves anchoring out. At least, the foc'sle crew were getting a lot of training in the practical use of ground tackle. The running boats were lowered, and the liberty party embarked. The narrow channel leading up to the city provided many humorous escapades for our coxswains, and drove whoever had to repair the flagstaff crazy.

The British system of monetary exchange was in use here, and many an interesting hour was spent in discussing the worth of the "Bee Wee" with the native shopkeepers. The days were spent in various ways, mostly swimming, or souvenir hunting, but at night the fun would start. The Men from M.M.A. took over a well known Barbadian nightspot, and created a legend that will live forever here at the Academy. "Hey man, steel band." Yes, the Dixie Club and all its alleged members will never be forgotten here at M.M.A.

All these entertainments added up to a swell time and it was a sorry day when leave taking time came. Yet, a seaman only looks forward to his next port of call, and so too did we. The port this time—St. John's, Antigua.

Antigua is another of the numerous British Islands in the Caribbean, and its principle city of St. John's turned out to be a thriving metropolis. For the fourth time in as many outings we were anchored out once more, and this time almost three miles from shore. The trip in with the "bathtubs" was quite a wet one much to the discomfort of all concerned.

Our first glance at the city showed an old wooden pier, a dirt main street, and only two buildings of any consequence. The remainder were tumble down little shanties. We soon found out however, that there were some good beaches, and clubs on the outskirts of the town, and thereafter, the only time we saw St. John's was on the way in, or on the way out. We had thought we had seen poverty and suffering before, but the Isle of Antigua was a skidrow personified. Even with its relative merits, we were happy to leave, and get on to our next port.

The weather since arriving in Cuba had been ideal, and many golden tans were being sported about the decks and spaces. The "Charlie" had been cleaned 'till her decks gleamed white, and the chipping hammers, and the paint brushes were kept in constant motion thanks to the untiring efforts of "Just Plain Bill", our able first lieutenant. During those nights at sea, it seemed as if the "black gang" spent more time on deck than they did in the engine spaces, and yet the "Chun" purred along without the least murmer.

The Island of Trinidad popped over the horizon one morning, and we soon found ourselves tying up to a dock at last, the Naval Air Station in the British West Indies. Almost as soon as the first line was ashore, Middies were racing toward the PX for the enevitable milk and ice cream. While one section went out to explore the city of Port of Spain, the other section went to work on the sides of the Charleston.

Trinidad, with its beautiful parks, and gardens, exotic nightclubs, and the many shops where curios abounded was a virtual heaven for the two hundred excitement starved Middies. Many friendships were made, and the reverse was true to as in a lot of cases Anglo-American relations became quite strained. We all made out O.K. however, and all Third Class Baseball nine even beat the local champs on the village green which added greatly to the color of our stay. The weather was quite hot all during our stay, and the humidity wafting from the dense jungles did nothing to relieve our discomfort. After three days we hauled aboard our lines, and left, leaving the Island of Trinidad much the worse for wear.

It was a short hop to Barranquilla, Colombia, and boy were we surprised at what they had in store for us there. Here was a modern city, and only a few miles away there were miles of un-explored jungle. It is said that Colombia undergoes a revolution every week, and judging from the number of armed guards about the city, it was quite easy to believe.

The city of Barranquilla really went all out for us. The American residents of the city invited various Midshipmen out to their homes, a gala dance was given on board by city officials complete with the most beautiful senoritas we had ever had the pleasure of gazing on. They even threw in a tour of one of Colombia's famed breweries which was that much more appreciated by the men with the great thirsts. Exclusive spots like the El Gato Negro, and the Blue Gardenia

could always be found full of Middies having a great time for themselves. Sometimes things got to much out of hand, but the National Guard was always there in time.

There were things going on every minute of the day, and we were really caught up in quite a social whirl. Only the Midnight check muster marred our glorious stay here, and the Colombian Police must be looking for those car thieves. To say we were unhappy at the prospect of leaving Colombia would be a gross mis-statement. Yet, leave we did, for we were on a schedule, and Panama was our next stop.

We entered the breakwater at Colen, Panama, where we were hardly over the effects of our stay at Barranquilla. All we knew of Colon was that it was the place to buy your gifts. Panama is one of the few so called Free Zones left in the world, and if you're shrewd and hardy enough at bargaining, you can sometimes make out real well. The "Charlie" was competently tied up by the Navy at Coco Solo, and it was from there that we based our operations. The majority of us made the Navy Base our home, but a few did manage to make connections, and get to Panama City. The amount of gifts taken aboard gave the "Chun" a decided change in trim, and no longer did the change jingle in Midshipmen's pockets. A tour of the Gatum Locks of the famous Panama Canal completed a very pleasant stay, and we left with the realization that the cruise had reached the midway point.

The Charleston's bow pointed northward this time, and toward the Cayman Islands, a small group near the west coast of Cuba. Georgetown in Grand Cayman was our destination, and after four of the most beautiful days ever spent at sea, we raised sight of it. There was nothing to do here but swim, or sun on the miles of white, sandy beaches. The warm water coupled with the burning rays of the sun produced some of the most severe burns our good Doctor ever encountered. Sunning hours were discontinued, and anyone coming down with a bad sunburn was put immediately on report for disobediance to an order. A short stay, and once more the roaming Gunboat was on its way. U.S.A. here we come.

Through the Gulf we steamed, right up to the mouth of the Houston Ship Channel, and from there we had the guidance of a canal jockey who showed us some things about piloting that we never thought were possible. The people of Houston were very hospitable, and showed us that Texas hospitality is not just a myth. They had our time in Houston so well occupied that many of us never even had a chance to see the city. They planned dances, tours of the city, and even a tour of the famed King Ranch, which needless to say was enjoyed by all us would be cowboys. The fumes from the sulphur and oil which had impregnated the harbor soon became too much for many of us, and we sighed with relief when we headed down the channel toward the Gulf of Mexico.

Once out into the Gulf, we headed across it to Mobile Bay. Damning the torpedoes etc. we steamed right up to and into our berth on a cold and wet Friday morning. It had turned cold in Texas, and the weather in Mobile did absolutely nothing to enhance the charm of that city.

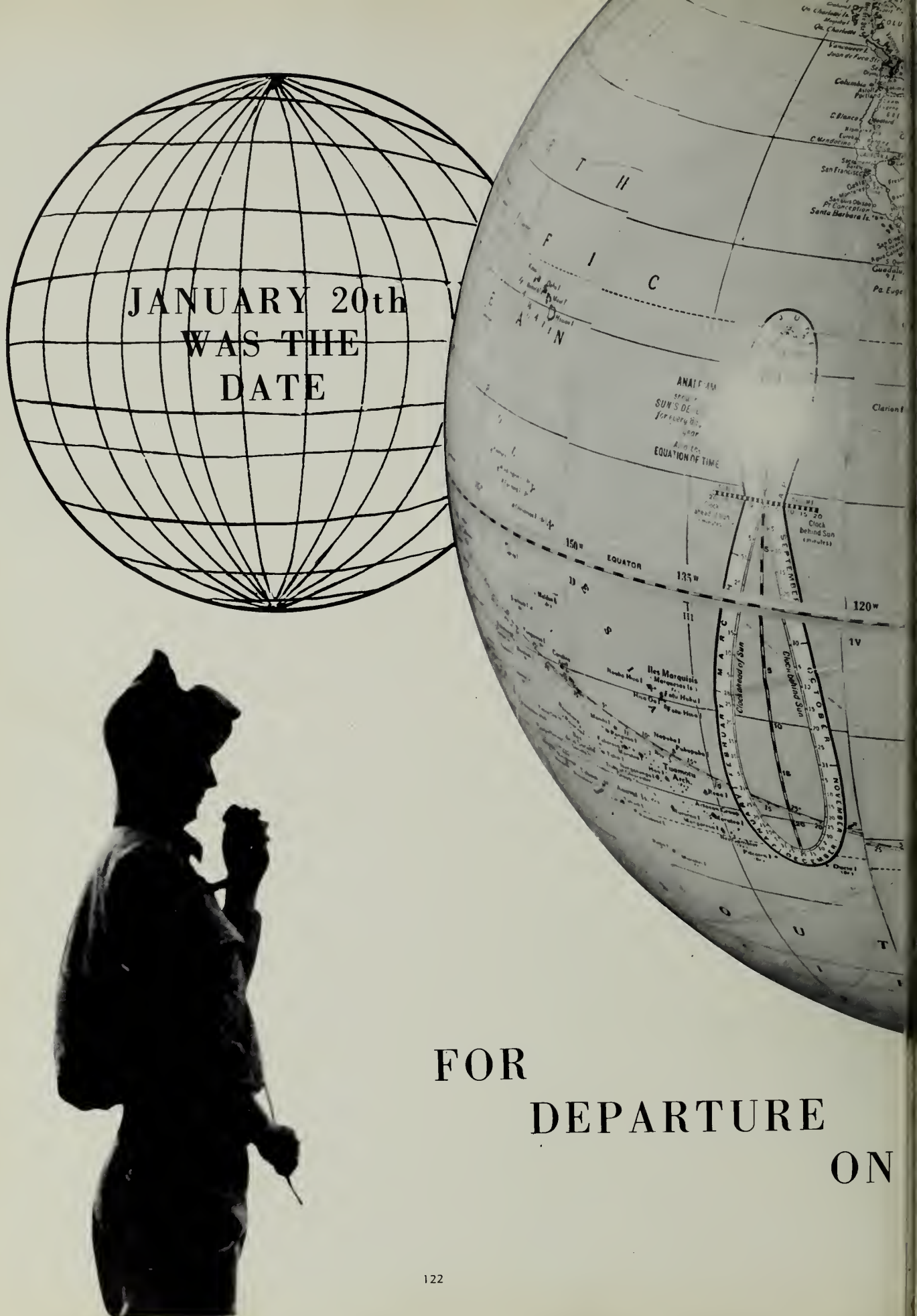
The Azalea Festival was really the high point of our stay, but the girls, oh those girls who couldn't resist the charms of our blues, also added to the fun found in this port. A fine time was had by all, but again the smell of the bean and the cod was in the air. So with a fond farewell, we left the Battle of Mobile Bay still undecided, and struck out for Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

We entered Fort Lauderdale with the assumption that since this was the last port of our cruise anything goes. It was therefore, a much dismayed crew of Midshipmen that found Fort Lauderdale to be a rest home for the aged. Seeing as how they would roll up the sidewalks every night at nine, some of the richer of our travelers made Miami their headquarters, and many fabulous tales somehow seemed to sift back to the Charleston. It was a fine last port, all things considered, but you can bet that there was not a person AWOL when it came time to leave for Boston.

All the way up the coast at twenty knots came the Charleston. Even with a leaky plate in the bow, and taking water aft, she kept this fantastic speed.

At long last Graves Light was sighted, and in the late afternoon without benefit of line-handlers, and with not a soul on hand to greet her, the "Chun" made her berth at Commonwealth Pier. She slid in ever so nicely allowing some Middies to jump ashore to handle the lines, and we all agreed that it was the best dock "Square Jack" ever made. We didn't mind the lack of the reception committee however, for we were a day early, and just glad to be home.

Since this graduating class was the last class to cruise on the Charleston, it is fitting that we take some time in these pages to pay her honor and tribute. I am sure that all those that have had the opportunity to sail on the Charleston, or the "Chum" as she is more affectionately known, hold her in a special place in their hearts. It is true that she was cramped, and stuffy, and certainly not the ideal ship for a training vessel, but she was a home, and a home for some of the finest men that have ever sailed the seven seas. Hats off to a great lady——the U.S.T.S. CHARLESTON.



FOR
DEPARTURE
ON

OUR SECOND CLASS CRUISE

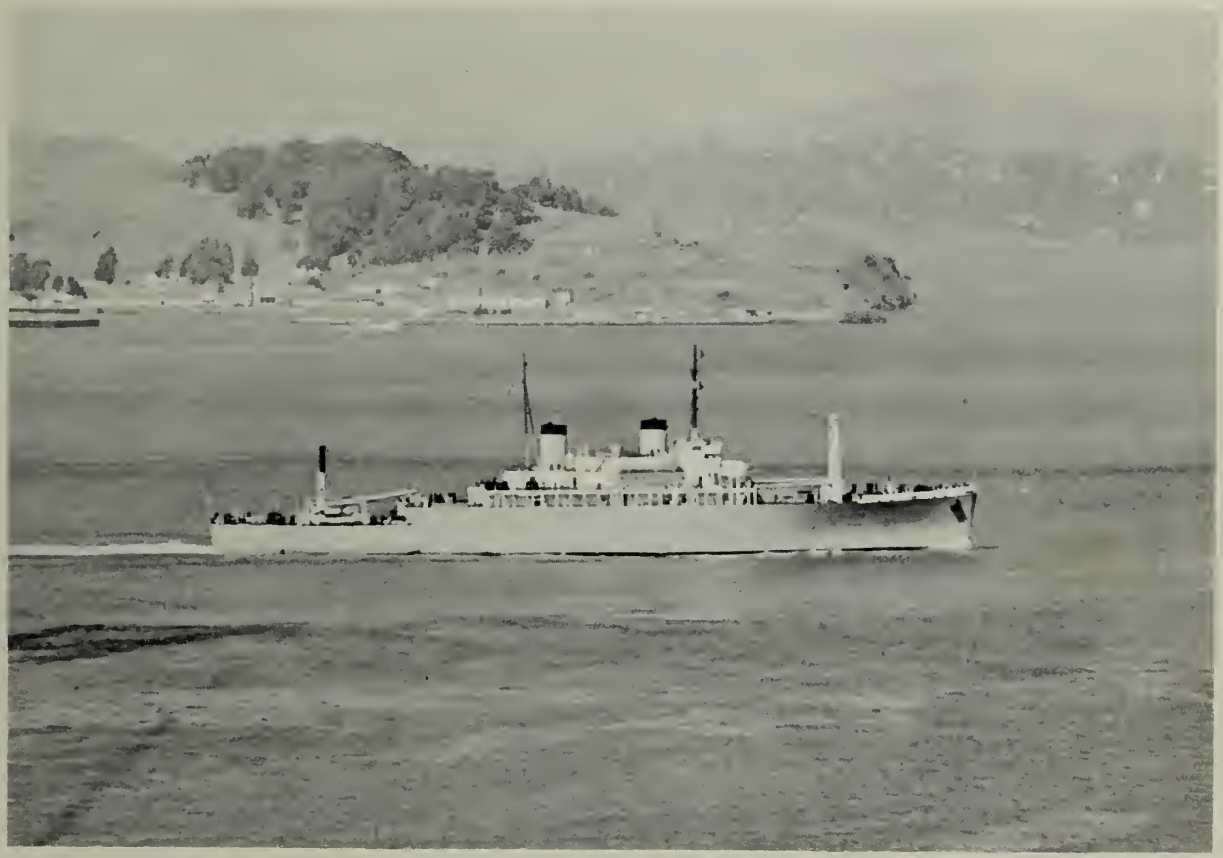
On the twentieth day of January, and after a two week delay, the newly re-commissioned U.S.T.S. Bay State deftly put to sea on a snowy Tuesday. The people of Buzzards Bay were on hand to give us a rousing send off, and it was perhaps the first time the people of our home city were really appreciated. The Bay State was still in a morbid condition, but it was the aim of the "Brass" to have her ship shape in time for our return to Boston. We had quite a schedule to follow, and if we hit all the ports that were on the itinerary it would have been the greatest cruise ever taken by a Massachusetts Schoolship.

The trip down the coast was cold, and rough seas plagued the forward progress of our ship. We reached Cape Hatteras without incident, but it was here the fun began.

In the midst of a howling gale our engineers lost the plant, and for nigh on to ten hours we were lying helpless at the mercy of the wind and the waves. Many of the less indoctrinated Third Classmen thought sure that this was the last they would see of their girls and their parents. The plant was finally regained amidst much confusion, and the cruise began again. Two hours later, we broke down again, and this set the mode on which this cruise was patterned. At last, we reached our first port of call, St. Thomas, in the Virgin Island group.

Urged on by better things to come as promised by our esteemed First Lieutenant, we worked our fingers to the bone, and made the most out of our four to eleven liberty.

Puerto Rico is an American possession, and is settled deep in the Caribbean Sea. The principle port of this island is San Juan which is noted for the Morco Castle that stands as a bastion of freedom at the harbor entrance. However, it is a bustling port, and quite a traveler's paradise.



Yet, such was not the case for it was at this time that the Admiral, God Bless His Soul, appeared on the Bridge waving a cablegram, and telling us to set course for San Juan, Puerto Rico. We had been ordered to the Puerto Rico Dry Dock Company to effect emergency repairs. We needed those repairs as we had broken down twenty-seven times enroute to St. Thomas. The repairs were to take a week which was quickly stretched to two. The work that was effected in those two weeks at San Juan is a page in our history that even the Sons of the Nantucket couldn't claim.

The Middies took to San Juan like a flea takes to the nearest dog. The quaint cafes such as "El Chico's" and the rest lured the more normal Middie. The Caribe-Hilton, and its counterparts snared those of our group that were interested in gaining fame and fortune. We were there long enough to become an integral part of life on the island, and made many fast, and sometimes enduring friendships. Toward the end of our stay, we were straining at leash, and anxious to be on our way to Ciudad Trujillo. Our wish was granted when they finally OK'd the ship, and so we left with some grave misgivings. A two day run with no breakdowns brought the Bay State to the Dominican Republic.

As we approached the beautiful isle of the Dominican Republic, the Trujillo Air Force, all of two planes, came out and buzzed the ship.

We entered the breakwater, and rested at a dock across from the city of Ciudad Trujillo. It was apparent to us that something was amiss in the strained atmosphere of this port. This certainly wasn't the happy, carefree native population that we knew so well from our visits to the other Caribbean Islands. It was like Germany during Hitler's regime, pictures and statutes of the great dictator, Trujillo, were all over the place. Yet, as Middies, we made the most of the port which was not too appealing, and we got our share of fun. A lot of our class fell by the wayside here, but the remainder managed to stay out of trouble. At the end of two days we were glad to leave this dictatorship, where everyone tred softly in fear of arousing the wrath of the Dictator's army. With a sigh of relief, we left this despot's isle and steamed in the direction of New Orleans, and the Mardi Gras.

"Les Miserables"

As we approached the mouth of the Mississippi River, we were surprised at the change in the climate. New Orleans was in the midst of a cold snap, and the temperature was down low all during our stay. We passed up the river to our berth without incident until the final docking, and it was there that a tug got her signals crossed, and rammed our stern into the dock. A typical M.M.A. landing.

We had been prepared for a wild time during the Mardi Gras, but even we were aghast at the merriment that poured out of the Queen City. For four glorious days we celebrated the coming of Lent along with the Louisiannians. A terrific time was had there, and the girls just seemed to attach themselves to the Middies. In the throng it was a rare sight when you didn't see a Middie with at least two lovely ladies hanging by his side.

Places like Pat O'Briens, and Dreamland, the French Quarter, Bourbon and Basin Streets, were the haunts of the Middies, and they made the most of the once a year friendliness proffered by the Queen City of the South. It was with many regrets that we had to leave this fair city which had lapsed once again into the austere atmosphere of Lent.

"South of the Border, Down Mexico Way" was our song as once more we headed south. The weather was warm, and our hearts were light as the coast of Mexico appeared on the horizon. Progresso here we come.

A short two day run brought us to Havana which was a fill in for Montego Bay, Jamaica, but Cuba more than made up for our loss. We entered Havana's famed Harbor, sailing under the guns of the Moro Castle, and over the spot where the Battleship "Maine" was sunk. We attempted to dock our yacht in a Force Five beam wind, and after several attempts, saved what little of our face we had left by anchoring in the harbor. All thoughts of docking in Havana were soon forgotten.

The Bay State lay becalmed in shallow water about five miles off of Progresso on the Yucatan Penisula. We were waiting for a pilot to guide us to our berth. We waited for four days, and never did get ashore. The pilot wasn't sure that the ship could make it across the shallow harbor entrance, and we of course could never take the chance of running aground. Our only visitors were a Mexican Admiral, and the inevitable seagulls. The cruise had reached a point where we didn't mind too much, and anyway Progresso was only a substitute for Vera Cruz. After laying off for our scheduled four days, we upped anchor, and steamed away to our next port, Havana, Cuba.

Running boats were put in the water, and the first liberty party went ashore. This was Cuba in the pre-revolution days, and it was at this time that Castro was supposedly on the retreat. We were met at the dock by armed guards, and everywhere throughout the city, armed patrols abounded. The Middies took this right in stride, however, and managed to hit all the spots of interest and notoriety.

The numerous shops, the street vendors, cafes and restaurants really went all out to welcome the Middies, who were supposed to reciprocate in kind by opening their wallets. "Did you ever try to get blood out of a turnip?"

It was a sad day when we left Havana, but a happy one I am sure for the Navy shore patrol, and the Cuban Army who must have surely thought we were members of Castro's guerrillas.

This time our course was set for Corpus Christi, Texas, and to what we thought would be a repeat of Houston in our "Youngie" year, meaning "no deals around." The fair weather held, and we soon started up one of the longest natural waterways on the Gulf, the entrance to Corpus Christi, Texas.

When we came up on the city itself, an interesting problem presented itself. Just ahead a drawbridge was being raised presumably for us to go through. The width of the bridge was ninety feet, the beam of the Bay State was almost sixty. Now to put a sixty foot wide ship through a ninety foot opening is like threading a needle, but when you had a cross current to contend with such as we did, well look out. Thanks to a very cool pilot, we slipped through like "a" greased ARTHUR SULLIVAN, and soon made our dock.

On that dock there awaited our arrival, the U. S. Navy Band, a group of the prettiest majorettes that we ever saw south of Massachusetts, and two hundred people who had turned out to welcome the Mass. Maritime Academy training ship. This was all our late Admiral's doing, as it was his sister who had made this visit possible.

The time that we had in that Texas city will never be forgotten by the boys at M.M.A. There were free shows, dances, an abundance of pretty girls, and a very "definite" grand time was had by all. There were the usual romances, and a few have continued to this very day. They really showed us what Texas hospitality was, and we appreciated it greatly. We even got an extra day here, proving that there is some goodness left in the "Brass", and it was put to good use. Never did a crew of men feel any sorrier than when we left the City of Corpus Christi.

Yet, leave we did, and this time with our ship headed toward Tampa, Florida, the home of CIGARS. We had a little trouble getting there though, as we lost the services of one of our engines, and had to proceed on the remaining one cutting down our speed considerably. We finally made it slipping into Tampa Bay just four days later. Tampa, after Corpus Christi, was a let down, but most of us had a great time thanks to the hospitality of Tim Mann's folks. We found ourselves in shipyard once more, but our engine was out the remainder of the cruise. Florida proved to be a boon for reunions, as relatives, parents, or friends just happened to be in town the same time the Bay State was. Be that as it may, we were glad to leave the pleasantries of Tampa, and pursue our homeward course.

Down the west coast of Florida we steamed, buzzing along on one engine, through the Keys, and along the east coast by Miami, Fort Lauderdale, and other key resort towns. At last we sighted the mouth of the St. John's River, and the beginning of a twenty mile passage up to Jacksonville. At the mouth of this river we all got a good look at one of our modern aircraft carriers, the Franklin D. Roosevelt, and we marveled at her vastness.

A three hour trip up the river and we were there. Jacksonville, Florida, the home of the southern Navy. There were more "tars" in that city, than we had seen in our last two cruises. The city officials had some fine things planned for us, this included that compulsory bus trip to wonderful Marineland which left a lot of fundless Middies much saddened.

The U.S.O. showed once more that their hospitality was the best, and all in all it was a fine last port of call. Boston was calling and the urge to leave was growing, and so after a fun-packed three day stay, we hauled in our lines, and took to the high seas once again.

Leaving the mouth of the St. John's we headed straight up the coast, and in our partially disabled condition great was the fear of tempetuous Hatteras. Like a mill pond when we passed was the feared harbor of gales, and we all breathed that much easier. Only time was the determining factor now, and as we revved up our engine to unbelievable speeds, well known check points flew past. Cape Henry on the third day, Block Island Light on the fourth, and finally Buzzards Bay Lightship, and what a welcome sight. At midnight on the fifth day, we sped by the school giving a massive Bronx Cheer, then out into Massachusetts Bay, and home to Boston. It was a beautiful Spring Sunday morning, the day we tied up to the South Boston Army Base Pier, and boy was it good to be home!

JANUARY 28th
WAS THE
DATE

FOR
DEPARTURE
ON

OUR FIRST CLASS CRUISE

The day dawned bright in Boston on Wednesday, January 28, 1959. It was crisp and cold, but all in all, a beautiful day to bid this fair city farewell. By eight o'clock, all lines had been taken in, and the U.S.T.S. Bay State slid gracefully away from the fueling pier in East Boston. We felt a slight nostalgic twinge as we steamed majestically out of the harbor for we were leaving our loved ones far behind. Our nostalgia was forgotten as we prepared to face the perils of our first night at sea.

Much to our surprise, the trip down the coast was without incident, and the weather encountered was so mild that we feared the rest of the cruise would find us battling storm after storm.

The fourth day at sea the ship began to roll violently. The surprising factor was that the seas were relatively calm. The rolling continued along with the fine weather until we neared the coast of Panama, where with a sigh of relief, land was finally sighted after seven long days at sea.

We of the first class looked forward to seeing Christobal once more, and enjoying the entertainments offered by the Naval Base at Coco Solo.

Situated on the west coast of Panama, and set deeply in Panama Bay, lies the small town of Balboa, Canal Zone. The U. S. Navy Base at Rodman was graced by the presence of the Bay State for almost five days. The topography of the Base and surrounding areas is very beautiful. Lying approximately one half mile from the Miraflores Locks, it is ringed with deep jungle which makes a pretty contrast with the vivid blue waters of Panama Bay.

It was much to our chagrin then, when word came that we were to proceed through the Panama Canal immediately and dock at Balboa. This was the first of the schedule changes this year that has plagued our cruises for two years. However, we all looked forward to the Panama Canal transit, and were somewhat disappointed to find that the crossing would be made mostly at night. A goodly number of us remained up to see what we could see, and were amazed at the ingenuity of the project. At midnight, we tied up at the Naval Base in Balboa, and a better docking, this ship has never made. Thus began our first cruise liberty, Balboa, Canal Zone.

The Base had many things to offer, including the officer's swimming pool which the Middies more or less commandeered, and a Naval Exchange which providently withstood the strain of the Bay State's ice cream runs. The EM's Club was also fair game to the Middies, and they made the most of the opportunity. Many of us ventured into Panama City to shop in the stores contained therein. However, we found that the city was for the most part dirty and squalid. Some of the more daring made the Casinos at the Panama-Hilton their habitat, and though a few were lucky at first, they ended up by losing their shirts. Well, "nothing ventured, nothing gained."

Our liberty ended, and on Monday, February 9th, we drew in our lines and prepared for the Bay State's emergence into the Pacific Ocean. As we pulled away from the dock at Rodman, we let our thoughts drift back to the good times we had there. Yet we were not too sad, as we were to return to this port within a month's time.

As Balboa said when he claimed this ocean for Spain, "What a huge and peaceful sea. I shall call thee Pacific."

So did we utter, when we left the Bay of Panama, and entered the calm and blue Pacific Ocean. We steamed along at fourteen knots, and our good time was a consolation to the fact that we were to be ten days at sea.

We were very much disheartened to hear that our next scheduled port had been canceled. This was Alculpulco, Mexico, and let me tell you that we were very much disturbed at missing which was supposed to be our best liberty port. However, the President had preference, and so we had to continue on to Long Beach. This run certainly chalked up the sea time, as we were at sea for ten, long days.

Ten days at sea is mighty long time aboard a school ship. The usual complaints about the food came up, and they were handled in much the same manner as always, no satisfaction from the supply department. We couldn't kick about the weather however, as it turned on quite a show, and was sunny the major part of the trip. This was good news for the first class deckies, as they were required to turn in a position a day, and most of us were not too adept at star sights. Varied sights accompanied us along our jaunt up the coast of Central America, and Mexico. Chief among these were the schools of porpoises that sometimes played around our bows.

These playful creatures afforded us many hours of amusement, but it seems that they were camera shy. The minute a camera appeared on deck, they would shoot off for parts unknown.

This run also saw the first Captain's Inspection, and as the Zoo Parade walked through the ranks, many were the snickers at the size of the Inspection Party. However, all came out well, and only a few on the unheeding were caught.

The fascinations of Disneyland, and the hugeness of Los Angeles, made us appreciate the worth of a ten hour liberty. Many good times were had however, and the departure from Long Beach was a sad occasion. We had to leave, and leave we did with our bow pointed forbodingly north.

The trip to Pudget Sound was one of calm water, and sunny skies, and we marveled at the continuance of the fair weather, something very unusual when the Mass. Maritime Academy is at sea. Early on the fourth day out, we sighted the Juan De Fuca Straits, and prepared for our jaunt down the Sound.

After what seemed like years at sea, we finally sighted the breakwater that marked the entrance to the harbor of Long Beach, California. We eagerly lined the rails to get our first view fo California, and were greeted by the famed L. A. smog. Thanks to the ability of some nameless harbor pilot, we made a safe docking, and made preparations for our first West Coast Liberty.

Many friends and relatives were awaiting the arrival of the Bay State, and many joyous reunions were had. The majority of us scattered to the four winds to explore the sunshine state of the West, and the glamor of Hollywood seemed to attrack most of us.

The countryside bordering Pudget Sound is some of the most beautiful in the world, that is when you can see it. As the U.S.T.S. Bay State wended its fog enshrouded way down the Sound, many were the comments on the reduced visibility. Yet, as always, we managed to make the safety of a harbor, this time it was the thriving metropolis of Olympia, Washington.

There stands in the Harbor at Olympia, a monument to the American Merchant Marine. This monument consists of one hundred rotting hulks of the Reserve Fleet. In the midst of this pile of rotting steel stands the sister-ship of the Bay State, the U.S.S. Feland. It was our job to strip any salvageable gear from this ship, and transfer it to ours. Since we were to be here only a week, we started our task the minute our lines were made fast. From eight to four each day we worked, and at four thirty, the liberty launch would cart us all to shore. I am afraid that after the first liberty in Washington, most of us found the comforts of the Bay State more alluring.

Olympia, the capital of the State of Washington, seemed at least to us to be also the smallest city in the state. As a liberty port, it rated a big fat zero with the Middies. So it was with a sigh of relief that the last piece of machinery was loaded aboard, and the Bay State steamed majestically up the Sound, leaving the Reserve Fleet to bask quietly under the shadow of Mount Olympia.

Although Olympia had turned out to be a bigger disappointment that even the most pessimistic Midshipman had expected, it was with hope with which we viewed the merits of our next port, that of San Francisco, California. Once again with fair weather as our companion, we turned our bow southward, and began the second half of the cruise, or the run homeward.

It was a hot day the morning we steamed around the 'Frisco pilot station for four hours, and tempers were not made any better by the heat. At long last we procured a pilot, and made for the entrance of one of the most famous harbors in the world. As we gazed at the gigantic span of the Golden Gate Bridge, our thoughts turned to the number of distinguished persons that had made this same entrance.

San Francisco was everything that Olympia wasn't. They really rolled out the welcome mat for us, and with the help of some of the California Maritime Cadets showed us a wonderful time. The Bay State was docked right in the center of San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf area, and we got an eyeful of sightseeing right from the ship. The exotic nightclubs, the quaint cable cars, and the allurements of Chinatown were the high spots on the Middies agenda. Many of the faithful melted under the charms of the buxom beauties so prevalent in this area. It was the Beatnicks who really caught our fancy, and for weeks afterwards the Middies were out of nowhere. All good things must come to an end sometime, and when all the gear for King's Point had been loaded, we sadly said goodbye to the best port of the cruise.

Ten more long days at sea, and we found ourselves entering Panama Bay once again. Tying up to the same dock in Balboa, liberty was more or less a repeat of our first trip around. With home just over the horizon the Middies could hardly be contained, and quite a few fell by the wayside in Panama City. We were for the most part content to confine our activities to the Base, and once more the EM's Club saw yeoman's service. Our heartfelt thanks to the Navy for making our stay in Rodman such a pleasure.

We transited the Panama Canal in daylight this time through, and really got an idea what it was like. This included a gigantic scrubdown for the deckies, and a sightseeing trip for the off watch engineers. A cheer went up as we cleared the last lock, and entered the Atlantic Ocean once again. A warning of stormy weather saw us buttoned up tight, but it was only a scare, and the sun continued to shine.

Routine was the adjective explaining our trip up the coast, and aside from a mercy mission, which never came off, we sped like an arrow towards Baltimore, our last port of call. Cape Henry light was picked up on schedule, and we entered Chesapeake Bay. That night we anchored in Baltimore Anchorage, and in morning tied up to the Penn Railroad Docks to unload our cargo for King's Point. Later in the day we shifted our berth to the Municiple Docks, and were there greeted by the City Officials. They provided us with many hours of entertainment which included a cocktail party which our cadet officers attended. It was a short and happy stay, but no one was sorry to leave that fair city for the next port was home.

A harrowing trip through the C&D Canal, and the two worst days of the cruise weatherwise hailed our return to Boston. Yet, there wasn't one soul on board who didn't utter the words that mark the return of all the Academy's cruises—THANK GOD.

THE SMARTNESS OF A MILITARY FORMAL DANCE, THE THRILL OF A VICTORY IN SPORTS, OR THE PRESTIGE GAINED IN BELONGING TO AN ORGANIZATION OR CLUB ARE ALL AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE LIFE HERE AT THE ACADEMY.

ACTIVITIES

The Company of Midshipmen of the
Massachusetts Maritime Academy
cordially invite you to attend a
Formal Ring Dance
to be held at the
Hotel Statler
Boston, Massachusetts
on Saturday evening, the fourth of October
Nineteen hundred and fifty-eight
from eight to twelve o'clock

R.S.V.P.

RING DANCE

The impressive ceremony of the First Class being formally wed to the sea coupled with the gaiety of our annual Ring Dance took place in the beautiful ballroom of the Hotel Statler.

Soft lights and sweet music together with the lovely girls leave a picture in our memory that will never be forgotten.

MUSTER STAFF

Fitzgerald, Johnston, Sweet, Gaides, Bresnahan, Colomb, Donnell, Arnett, Ryder, Edson. Missing — Mulkern, Whelahan, Kadlac, Nolan, Webb.

THESE WERE OUR

The evidence, you hold in your hand. The men responsible are named above.

Many enjoyable hours were spent in preparing this edition of the Muster for print, and yet, there were plenty of headaches too. If you haven't already noticed, this is the first Muster to incorporate color in its pages.

We hope that this volume will provide many hours of entertainment in the future.

CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: Fitzgerald, Treas., Rehfield, V. Pres., Dunphy, Pres., Donnell, Sec.

SCHOOL LEADERS

Gaides, Ryder, Cutter, Dunphy

Wilson. Band Master, Webb, Gaides, Ryder, Doyle, Nolan, Dougherty F. C., St. Jean, Hindle, Fraser, O'Leary, Giles, Dwyer, Leonard, Bassett, Holmes, Edson, Cutter.

M.M.A. BAND

After two years of semi-retirement, the Mass. Maritime Band under the able leadership of Al Wilson, and Dave Ryder made a smashing comeback, and stole the show at the 1958 Graduation Exercises.

Whether seranading the troops with military airs, or providing background music for our numerous rallies, the Band was a much appreciated organization.

RING COMMITTEE

JOHNSTON, COLOMB, MORIARTY, BASTILLE

CADET OFFICERS

Front Row, l. to r.: Arnett, Dunphy. **Rear Row, l. to r.:** Ryder, Gaides, Cutter, Fitzgerald, Collins S. B., Collins J. F., Ellis, Metcalfe, Trounge, Nolan.

Front Row: Co-Captains Mac Auley and Wilson. **Second Row:** Bastille, Chaisson, Melvin, Whelahan, Saporano, Butler, Lee, Atwood, Monson, Baldwin. Arruda, Tierney. **Third Row:** Fuller, Lynch, Ojala, Burns, Redfern, Baril, Larkin, Quimby, Pina, LaCroix, Loftus. **Rear Row:** Coach Harrington, T. Butler, R. Larkin, Brown, Fahey, Donovan, Hartmere, McNichol, McGee, Crosby, Dempsey.

FOOTBALL

Left to Right: Melbo, Zeke, Bundy, Sledge, Goat, Barry, Willy, Jaime, Mac, "Charlie", Lofty, Moon, Bomba, Sap.

WILLIE

GUMP

BUNDY

Let it never be said that the boys stopped trying. This can only begin to describe this year's football team. Although faced with a very difficult problem which limited both their practice time and available facilities, the men in blue never gave up. The team had the skillful, and experienced coaching of Mr. "Hop" Harrington, and his two very able aides Mr. Fred Cummings, and Mr. Paul McGinnis. Co-Captains John MacAuley and Al Wilson along with the rest of the players completed the tight nucleus of the Maritime Squad.

BARRY

STAGGER

MEL

JOE SAP

MOONMAN

It was once said that you can't judge a team by its record. This is more than true for this year's team. Playing many teams which outweighed them over-whelmingly never stopped them however, as they were always in there 'till the game was over.

All eyes of course were focused on the game with our arch-rivals from Maine, the Maine Maritime Academy. In this battle, the boys teamwork and practice were to pay off. Teamwork, and the will to win was the combination needed to bring victory. The team did not let us down, and returned from Maine with trophy in hand, and a 26 to 16 victory to hold in memory.

The whole team deserves our utmost congratulations for the fine job they did in representing us on the gridiron.

SUAVE

PAULSY

LOFTI

UH! OH!

AND THERE THEY GO!

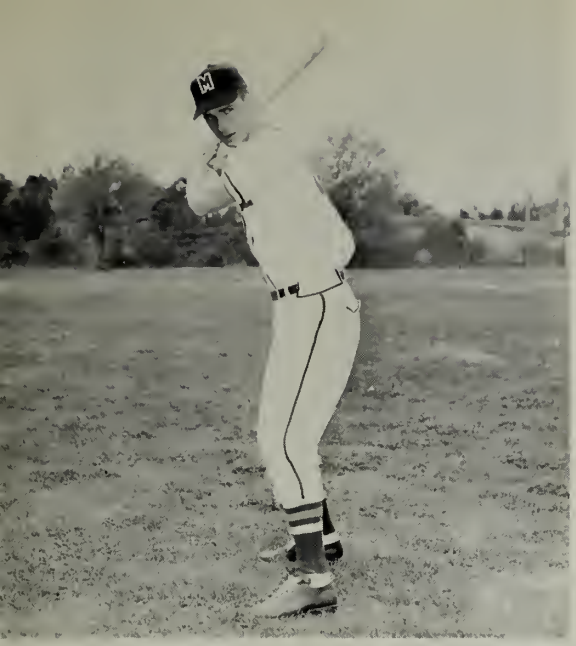
Front Row, l. to r.: Donnell, Capt., St. Pierre, Sweet, Tierney, McGee P., McNichol, Crosby. **Second Row:** Whelahan, Hartigan, Donovan, Arruda, Butler T., Quimby. **Third Row:** Warren, Farrell, Brown E., Baril, Redfern.

BASEBALL

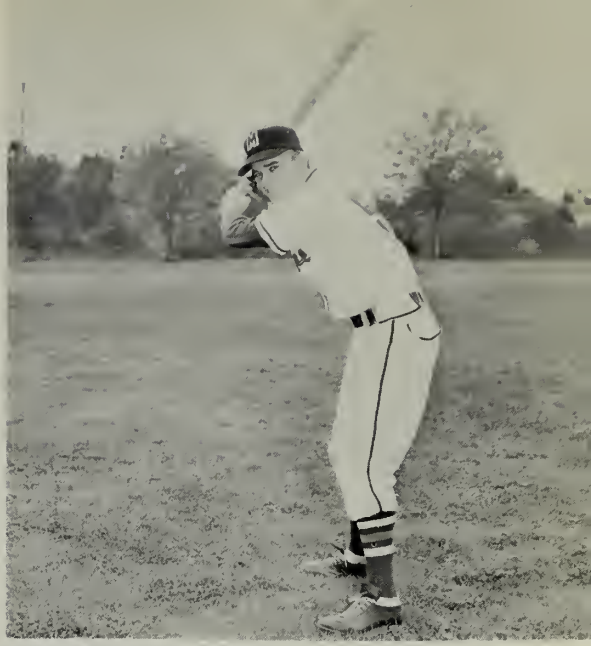
COACH ZYERVELD

"RALLY GANG"

As a team in the Cape Cod League, the Maritime Baseball Squad rolled up an impressive record during the past three seasons. The "Mariners" have shown time and time again that they could stand up against the league's finest, win or lose. Outstanding spirit and good sportsmanship coupled with an intensive indoctrination of the game's strategic maneuvers by Coach Harrington, our team has proven itself a credit to the Academy with each exciting contest.



Put it over, "pitch!"



I'll hit anything!

Catch that corner, Bucky!

Crossfire!

Just try to steal!

Left to Right: Front Row—Spero, Jones. McNichol, Moriarty, Whelahan, Donovan, Farrel, Dougherty. Rear Row: Warren, Dwyer, Lavender, McGee P., Collins, Crocker.

BASKETBALL

WE LED AT THE HALF!

During the winter months the M.M.A. Hoopsters could be found practicing plays and drills every afternoon as they eagerly awaited their first league encounter of the season. Although the club did not have an impressive win column to boast of, they provided stiff competition for each and every opponent faced. Led by Captain "Bundy" Whelahan, and sparked by the sharpshooting of "Stevo" Collins, the Mariners were always a threat to the final whistle.

INTRAMURAL

BAY STATE

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DEAR SUBSCRIBER,

THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE TO WHOM WE OWE OUR THANKS FOR MAKING THE 1959 MUSTER A REALITY.

FIRST OUR DEEPEST APPRECIATION TO OUR FACULTY ADVISOR, LT. THOMAS F. DORSEY, AND TO MR. ROBERT VANTINE, THE DELMAR CO. REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE MANY HOURS OF ASSISTANCE THAT THEY GAVE US. A SPECIAL NOTE OF THANKS IS ALSO DUE LT. ANGUS MACLEOD FOR HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT.

SECONDLY, OUR THANKS TO THE INSTRUCTORS, AND TO ALL OUR CLASSMATES WHO GAVE SO WILLINGLY OF THEIR TIME TO MAKE THIS EDITION A SUCCESS.

CHIEFLY HOWEVER, WE OWE OUR THANKS TO YOU, THE SUBSCRIBER, WITHOUT WHOSE FINANCIAL BACKING THE MUSTER WOULD NEVER HAVE GONE TO PRESS. THANK YOU.

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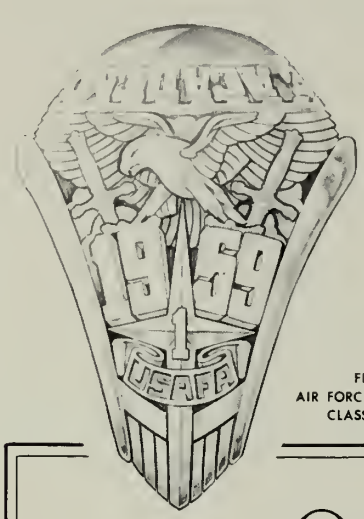

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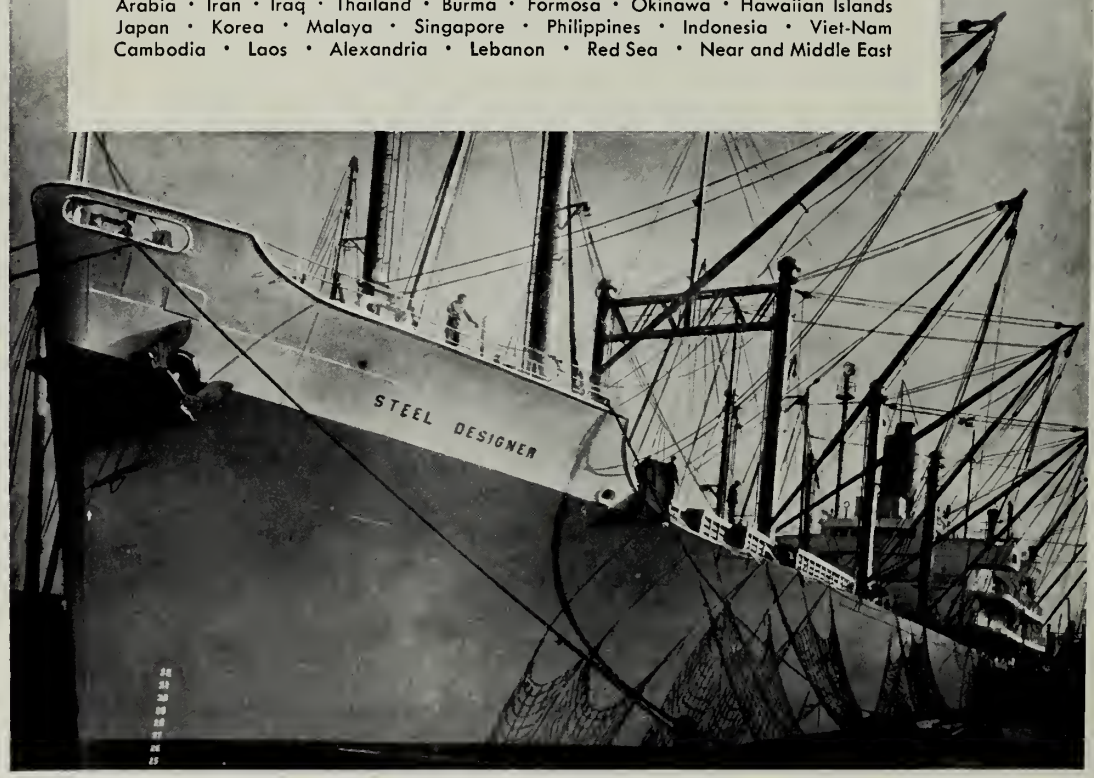

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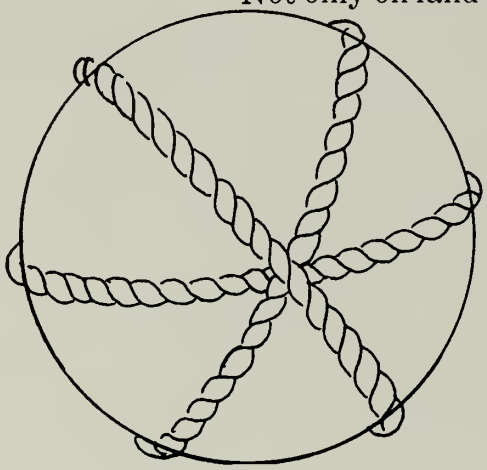

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